

TH

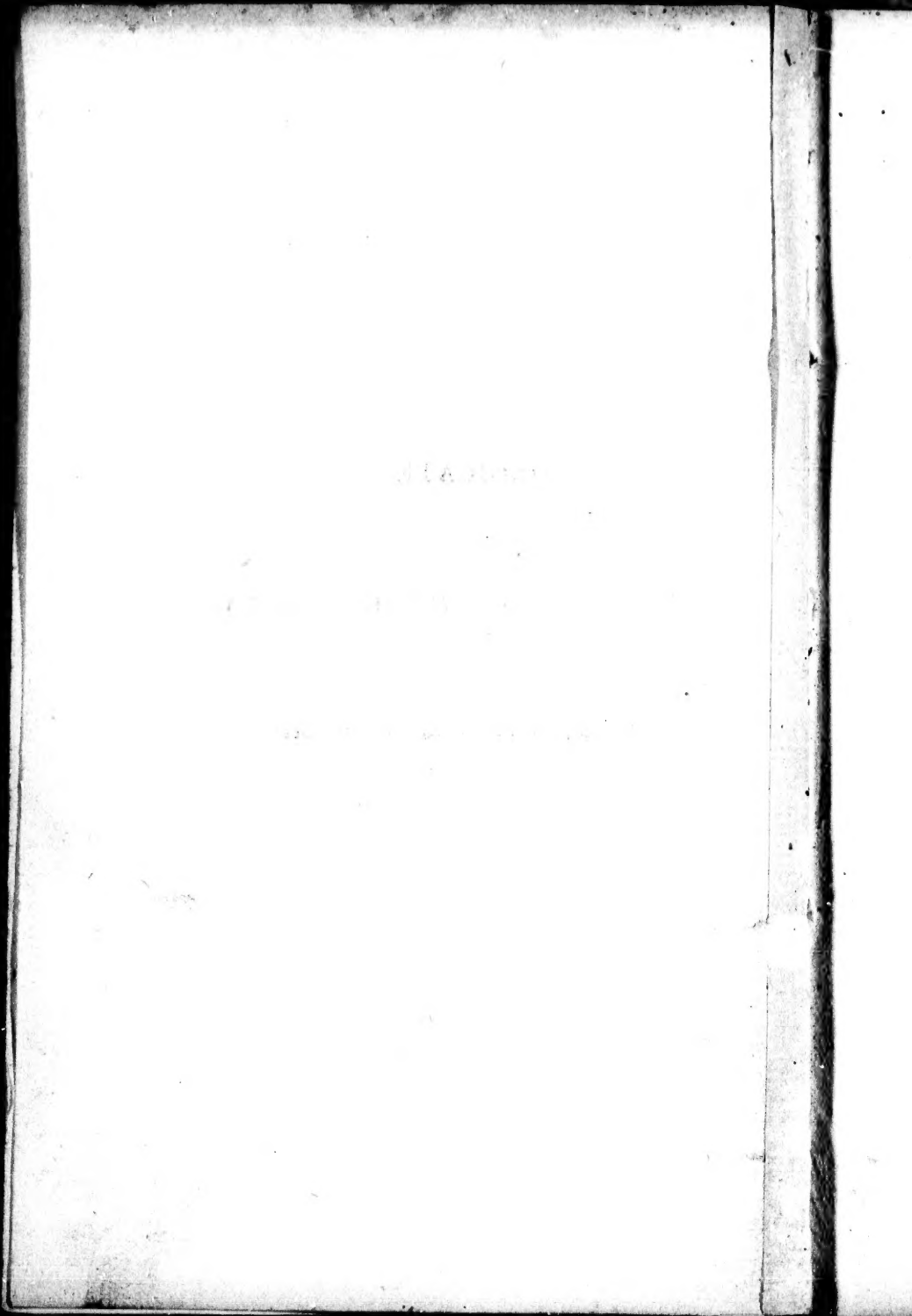
DEDICATED

TO

THE GENIUS OF BRITISH AMERICA,

BY

The Bard of New-Brunswick.



Beamish • Murdock Halifax N. B.

THE

July. 23. 1834.

FOREST WREATH,

BY

WILLIAM MARTIN LEGGETT,

Lansdale Cottage, Sussex Vale,

NEW-BRUNSWICK.

*Pinus ingens alboque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidore rivo.—HORACE.*

PRINTED BY DURANT AND SANCTON, MARKET SQUARE,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

1833.

Adrianus van der ...

Adrianus van der ...

Adrianus van der ...

TO THE PUBLIC.

Whilst other Bards amid ease and affluence strike their deep-toned Lyres for an admiring world, be it remembered that the Minstrel who makes this humble offering is a son of solitude, on whom the Goddess Fortune deigns not to smile, being constantly engaged in the arduous duties of his profession, with little time for study or correction.

Irksome as are the common vocations of a School to the Child of Nature, who would range with his sister Muses unconfined—it has ever been his hard destiny to walk in secluded life, passing those years in the improvement of others, his youthful fancy bade him give to song!

But the magic spell is at length broken—he has arrived at that crisis when all his aspirations are brought before that tribunal, by whose decision the dearest hopes of his bosom must be either realized, or involved in a vortex from which they may never recover.

The FOREST WREATH, the first-fruits of his rural Muse, is given to a generous Public; which (if thought worthy to be enrolled among the minstrelsies of British America) may be considered in pledge of maturer garlands to come!

The greater part of this volume was written at a very tender age, ere the Author's mind had been taught to expand beyond the little vale his infant Lyre first wooed, and as it is well known that secluded scenery can but inspire to secluded verse, let this with youthfulness plead his cause, and promise future fame.

Reposing full confidence then in the characteristic liberality of an enlightened People, the Author resumes his sylvan Harp, and sits him down amid the woods and wilds 'till called from thence by their approving smiles.

*Lansdale Cottage, }
Sussex Vale, N. B. }*

Oh ! greet with a smile my rural Muse,
Tho' the wild-flow'rs of genius alone attend her,—
Her brow is yet damp with the morning dews—
Unknown to the world, and the world's gay splendor !

She holds in her hand the FOREST WREATH,
As it wears the shades of the woods and wilds,—
And, blushing, asks of Fame to bequeath
One laurel sprig to reward her toils !

TO THE FOREST WREATH.

Child of my fancy, I send thee forth,
 From the gloomy wilds of the wintry north—
 Hope be thy pilot—her sails are unfurl'd—
 Go!—launch on the smiles of a generous world!

I cannot promise thee laughing calms,
 The Ocean before thee is rife with storms—
 Toss'd on its billows by adverse winds,
 Wreck'd are the hopes of a thousand minds!

We who feel all the glow of youth,
 Mistaking each fairy promise for truth—
 Semblance of Spring with her balmy bow'rs,
 Delighting to rove amid garlands of flow'rs!

Yet, why indulge in sorrowing dreams?
 Enough if to day propitious beams—
 Others have launch'd with wilder sails—
 Others been wafted with prosperous gales!

Child of my fancy, I give thee in pledge—
 Thy sisters still wait at the water's edge—
 Perchance they'll follow some future day;
 But my 'Forest Wreath' must prepare the way!

The world will pardon thy features wild—
 Beauty will smile on a wilderness-child—
 Warm'd by that ray thou shalt proudly be
 An off'ring of Brunswick-minstrelsy!

Then, child of my fancy, I send thee forth—
 The wilderness-dreams of a Son of the North—
 Hope be thy pilot—her sails are unfurl'd—
 Waving the Olive-branch to the World!

THE HARP OF BRUNSWICK.

Harp of Brunswick, thou hast slumber'd ;
 Wrapt in dreams of ages, long—
 Thy wild Genius *yet* unnumber'd
 On the records-bright of song !

'Tis no Campbell's touch of mildness—
 'Tis no Byron's bolder charm—
 I invoke thy muse of wildness !
 I aspire thy chords to warm !

Had some nobler Bard watch'd o'er thee,
 I should ne'er have dared to keep
 Nightly vigils, leaning o'er thee,—
 Ne'er aspired to 'wake thy sleep ;

But I stand alone, in childhood,—
 Childish minstrelsy go forth—
 Whilst the Genius of the wildwood
 Crowns a minstrel of the north !

Sound then ! and if others find no
 Kindred notes thy chords among,
 They are strangers—they have 'twin'd no
 Laurels to adorn thy song.

But there are warm hearts of feeling,
 Dreary tho' the prospect seems—
 Hearts, on whose deep fancy stealing,
 Thou shalt whisper kindred claims !

Sound then !—and these echoing mountains,
 Rocks and streams and vales among,
 Starting into second being :—
 Chase away their gloom with song ! !

FRAGMENT.

Genius of Scotland, if one precious gem
 Of faded glory Time retains in pledge
 That once look'd bright on thy regalia--bring
 The relic hither, that it may adorn
 The wild tiara of the fair unknown
 Descendent of those Scottish Chiefs, of whom
 Th' immortal Minstrel sang--for in her soul
 Lives all the enthusiasm her Fathers' felt
 When erst they listen'd to the pibroch's call,
 Re-echoing proud defiance to the foe--
 And shields, emboss'd with battle-scars, hung round
 Their lofty halls--and Bards were wont to tell
 Their deeds of fame in song ! Is there a heart--
 An exil'd heart, yet ling'ring on that shore
 About the tombs of Heroes--let it come
 To me at midnight, and I will unfold
 A tale most strange--yet not more strange than true !
 Feelings that once were cherish'd must depart--
 But we may dream of days of other years,
 And fancy, in that dream, we see unfurl'd
 The Banners of our Fathers--tho' their sons
 Rally with chivalrous pride round others now,
 Ready whene'er " the front of battle low'rs"
 To seal their fame with blood, if need require !

BATTLE OF THYMBRIA.

BETWEEN CYRUS AND CRÆSUS.

Silence without a hum hung brooding o'er
Th' embattled plain—save when the ominous voice
Of preparation—the close gathering—
Th' occasional cry of sentinels—the stir,
And rumbling of distant wheels; or, iron clank
Of armour rung upon the midnight air!

Oh! these are hours of anxious expectation—
The awful interval preceding death,
That try's the soul of man!

Night waned apace
The white mists scatt'ring 'fore th' approach of morn
And op'ning to the view the mighty Hosts,
All dark and deeply frowning—Groves of spears,
Glitt'ring and glancing in the morning-sun,
Seem'd animate and all athirst for blood!

T'was such a sight as stirs the veteran soul,
And makes the youthful breast beat high with ardor!

Cyrus, (ordain'd of God) girded with might
Invincible, on whom the trembling fate
Of Asia hung, now offer'd up to heav'n
His morning sacrifice for victory!

Persians, Armenians, Medes, Arabians—
Coat-armours, Bucklers, Cuirasses and Helms—
Horsemen and footmen, eager for the fight,
Form'd in his lines the brazen front of war!

And Camels laden with Arabian archers,
And moving tow'rs, and chariots arm'd with scythes,
Deathly to view, stood waiting in the rear,
Clos'd and protected by a numerous train.

Amid those ranks there stood no nobler soul
Than that of Abradates—he, whose Bride,

The lovely Panthea—the captive Dame—
Now blushing came t'array her Lord for fight.

She plac'd the golden helmet on his brow
Waving with purple plumes, and girt him round
With shining armour; whilst from her angel eye
The boding tear stole, and her bosom heav'd
With a prophetic sigh—"Go—go!" said she,
'My all on earth'—'let Cyrus know this day
'What Abradates is— I ask no more!'

'O Jupiter!'—cry'd he with lifted eyes,
'Grant that on this occasion I may prove
'Worthy of Cyrus and of Panthea's love!'
(Thus did the mighty Hector stand prepar'd
For deeds immortal at the Scæan gate,
But, turning from his lov'd Andromache,
One moment, half-forgotten of his name,
Lean dubious on his battle-spear—'till, rous'd
The Hero from the Lover's revery,
The flame of ardor dry'd away each tear,
And Hector proudly stood himself again!)

Mounting his Chariot then, he onward drove
To where Great Cyrus stood before his hosts,
Calling aloud on God—nor call'd in vain—
Answering in thunders from the right, Heav'n shook
With victory, and Cyrus made response
With "Sov'reign Jupiter, we follow thee!"

One general shout resounded down the line—
The 'Golden Eagle' spread its pinions wide,
And seeming join'd them in the 'Battle Hymn!'

"Jupiter Leader and Protector!"—Then
It was that Cyrus rode thro' all his ranks
Like an inspired General, crying
"Follow me comrades on to Victory!"

Crcesus came on in deadly silence, rang'd

In one long drawn-up line—on either side
Legions of horse, the centre firmly fill'd
(One hundred men in depth) with infantry,
Egypt's choice troops,—extending o'er a plain
Immense to view—five miles from wing to wing !

Cyrus met fearless the superior foe—

(Superior in numbers, not in fame.)

And now the battle rag'd with tumult dire—
Ten thousand voices rend the troubled air,
And clash of swords, and tramp of horse and foot,
And shouts of victory, and groans of death
Resounded far and wide !—

Now Abradates rush'd like light'ning on
With all his chariots, bearing down the foe,
Whilst heaps of men and horses, overturn'd,
Lay weltring 'neath the sanguinary charge !

But the Battalions of th' Egyptian's stood,
Cover'd with Bucklers, and 'mid Groves of pikes,
Firm as a rock—and, front oppos'd to front,
A deadly pause ensued !

Here Abradates fell, all cover'd o'er
With wounds—a sacrifice meet for the gods !

Cyrus still rode triumphant—

Rallying the broken—leading on the firm :—

For in his godlike eye his soldiers read
The well-known look of promis'd victory !

Cræsus, o'erwhelm'd and routed, fled with all
The nations that compos'd his numerous host,
Save but th' Egptians—they still firmly stood,
Unconscious 'mid the din of Battle strife,
That they alone stood firm.—

Nor did the carnage cease till evening,
Until the generous Cyrus, griev'd to witness,
Such valour perish, call'd to them aloud,

*Desist ye gallant souls, nor longer strive
Against the gods—your allies are no more.—
Your General routed, and you left alone
To stem the torrent of the Battle tide!*

*Your honour is preserved inviolate,
For know, ye yield to one that oft has prov'd
A generous Cong'rour to a valiant foe!*

The noise of combat died away; and Night
Spread out her mantle o'er the blushing scene.—

The lovely Panthea, agoniz'd between
Alternate hopes and fears all trembling stood,
And oft she, sighing, look'd toward the plain.—

A Messenger! oh Heaven! her youthful lord!
Her lov'd, her beautiful, all pale in death—

She gaz'd upon the bloody spectacle
Struck dumb with sorrow; but with vacant stare
Doubly expressive of her *wild despair!*

Cyrus, the noble, generous soother came,
But Panthea's woes too mighty were to soothe.—

The sight too much,—the Hero turn'd away,
And, chok'd with grief, the mourner left alone!

* * * * *

She plung'd the dagger in her bursting heart,
And, falling o'er her Abradates corse,
Sought an immortal world with Abradates shade!

Cyrus "a lasting Pyramid" hath giv'n:—
"Their fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live!"

ODE TO SUSSEX.

Thine be the song, oh Sussex !—thy lov'd hills,
 Thy vales, thy rocks and wilds, my proudest theme!
 Thrice happy hours, when by thy murm'ring rills,
 I calm reclin'd to watch the moon's pale beam,
 Musing in silence o'er the watery dream !

And I remember t'was a summer's day,
 The woodland choristers all gaily sung,
 And Morn smil'd sweetly—I, in childish play,
 First swept my Lyre, as carelessly it hung,
 And all its chords to rural wildness strung.

Ther Echo crept upon the distant gale
 With plaintive voice from bubbling streams below,
 And Myra cull'd the flow'rets of the vale
 To wreath the garland that adorns me now—
 T'was Hope first smil'd upon my infant brow !

Then snow-white lambkins revell'd round my feet
 In sportive gambols 'neath the spreading tree,
 And bow'rs of innocence, with whisp'rings sweet,
 Responded to the song of infancy :—
 Lov'd scenes !—still dear to William's memory !

Oh life ! thy brightest visions dwell with youth !
 Then pale fac'd care hides her diminished head—
 The language of the soul is love and truth—
 Still bounding on with joy, by fancy led,
 Whilst roses strew our paths where'er we tread !

Alas ! those moments are forever gone !
 The memory of the past and present beams
 But little joy for me—I walk alone
 The dreary beach at night—while fortune seems
 To blacken days to come with sorrowing dreams !

Yet there is One whose smile bespeaketh heav'n,
 (Welcome sweet thought, the weary conflict's o'er,)
 Whose dearest holiest vows to me are giv'n—

Whose image cheers me, tho' the wild waves pour
 Their ominous voice and tempests round me roar !

Then, why should I complain—tho' broken falls
 The sword of Glory that my Fathers' waiv'd :—
 Tho' Tyranny parade their ruin'd Halls,

And Desolation, on their tombs engrav'd,
 Forbids me hint of deeds their valor brav'd !

* * * * * *

I must not now recall those virtuous tears,
 Lest from her slumberings my spirit start,
 To burst the galling chains of other years,
 And phrenzied indignation fire my heart
 With dreams long wrapt in death—ye dreams,
 depart !

Tho' on the stormy sea of life we sail,
 Far from the kindred voice and home we love—
 Tho' round us wildly blows the wint'ry gale,

And grief pursue us wheresoe'er we rove,
 In hideous shapes, her darkest spell to prove ;—

Still may th' undaunted soul look fearless on,
 Sustain'd by mild Religion's powerful arm—

And, tho' contending passions sweep along
 Th' horizon of the Mind,—like moonlight calm,
 Look sweet amid those clouds with all subduing
 charm !

Then, hail Religion !—hail, thou heav'n-born star !

Unweary'd still let me pursue thy beams,
 Forgetful of the world,—no more at war

With hopes and doubts alternate—may my dreams
 Be all of thee !

Inspir'd the vision seems
 With voice divine—methinks it speaks my soul,
 And Horror's torch no longer palely gleams
 O'er a disorder'd wreck with dread control—
 Oh no—that lovely Star with smiles pervades the
 whole !

There was a time—an hour of darkness late—
 That urg'd me to the brink, with hurry'd breath—
 Startled, the mind shrunk back, fearful of Fate,
 And William stood aghast ; for, lo ! beneath,
 Night's blackest darkness fill'd the realms of death !

T'was then, Religion—then thy holy smile,
 All sweetly soothing o'er my spirit stole,
 Like distant sound of music, breath'd the while
 From lips immortal—passing thro' my soul
 With exquisite and undefin'd control.

Who, weary'd with the day's uncommon heat,
 Bewilder'd in pale Melancholy's waste—
 His tongue is parch'd—his fever'd pulses beat
 With toil and sorrowing—Who would not haste
 And bend him down, oh Hope ! thy limpid stream
 to taste !

Come, weary Pilgrim sunk 'neath weight of years—
 Tis' in Religion's paths the fountain lies—
 Come, youth ! come, Beauty ! wipe away your tears,
 And drink the precious draught that never dies—
 It flows from Mercy's fount beyond the skies !

Tell me, companions of my youthful glee,
 If the lov'd *hill of pastime* still retains
 Its wonted charms—or, if beneath the tree
 Where once we sat, one relic now remains,
 To tell the Bow'r we rear'd with so much pains ?

Tell me if still those little streamlets bear
 Our bark flotillas, sporting in the gale—
 And pigmy forts and battlements that were
 Array'd in proud defiance of the sail ?—
 Ah ! many a brow then smil'd—now cold and pale !

Yon College-bell no longer calls us from
 Those sportive wars with laughing faces—Years
 Have chang'd the aspect of the stately Dome,
 And smiles that cheer'd it have dissolv'd in tears—
 Vacant and lone the gloomy Pile appears !

Myra, dost thou retrace those slumb'ring paths,
 Lit by the Moon's pale beam, pensive and lone ?
 Say—when the low-voic'd gale at ev'ning breaths
 O'er those deserted hills, oh ! is there none
 To meet in Fancy there the Absent one !

Others there are who now in splendor move,
 Yet in their countenance what varied clouds
 Of sorrowing thought pervade the look of love—
 Perchance 'tis memory that intervenes—
 Like me they sigh o'er long departed scenes.

Lady of Lansdale, why should we not weep
 Fountains of holy sorrow o'er the past ?
 Yes, sad reflection, let thy tempests sweep
 O'er wither'd roses trembling in the blast,
 Whilst the pale sun of life is waning fast !

There is a pleasing wildness in the thought
 That leads the Spirit back thro' dreams of night
 To those bright visions whence its childhood brought
 But one unsullied dream of pure delight—
 Oh ! in that retrospect, how swims my sight !
 Shall thought of thee, mid wreck of years entomb'd,
 Sleep in the dreary waste—forgetfulness ?

Oh no, love'd Sussex, thy sweet woodlands bloom'd
 For me in happier years : nor are they less
 Dear to me now, in exil'd wilderness !

Irrevocable Fate, oh take each joy—

Each wish in life, and strew them with'ring o'er
 Sorrow's pale shrine;—but leave the Minstrel boy
 The sweets of mem'ry, that his bosom-core,
 Bereft of Hope, may think and feel the more !

And when the last touch trembles on my Lyre,
 When Death's dark visions open on my view—
 Be this my fond request—my last desire—

Oh bear me where those faded roses grew,
 And write upon my tomb—' Sweet Vale Adieu !'



WE LAUNCH UPON THE YOUTHFUL DREAM.

" Lean not on Earth—t'will pierce thee to the heart !"

We launch upon the youthful dream,
 And fairy promise gilds to-morrow ;
 For bright the distant prospects seem—
 Unsullied by one cloud of sorrow.—

And love with all her wild control,
 And Friendship with her bosom-treasures,
 May cast a halo round the Soul
 Of brightest hue and brightest pleasures—

And wealth her golden garlands fling
 About our paths where'er we venture,
 And Fame expand her airy wing
 To shield us from the World's cold censure :—

But, ere our noon of manhood beam,
 From sad experience we must borrow—
 That, tho' to-day may blooming seem,
 Blasted may be the hopes of morrow !

TO ELIZA.

Tho' crowds of admirers press on thy view—
 Tho' Fortune and Fame prostrate at thy shrine—
 Oh say, can they pledge thee a love so true,
 Or offer a heart more warm than mine !

Whilst they in the arms of forgetfulness rest ;
 Or drown in gay revels their perishing flame—
 Tis' then this bosom recalling the past,
 Thrills highest with feelings beyond a name !

For oft by the Moon's pale light do I rove,
 When the soul is let loose from the toils of the day,
 To meet in fond fancy the thoughts of my love,
 And dream the dark spell of her absence away !

Oh then, if a whispering breeze pass by,
 Methinks in that breeze (and the thought is divine,)
 I list again to the well-known sigh,
 That so oft was wont to mingle with mine !

And does my Eliza in Scotian Bow'rs
 E'er trace the pale lustre that Cynthia flings ?
 Does she love the still murmur of moonlight hours—
 The soothing sadness reflection brings ?

For exquisitely wild are the visions of night
 To Bards and their Loves as they wander alone,
 Then earliest dreams of affection unite,
 And, soul meeting soul, sweetly mingle in one !

THE CHILD OF GENIUS' GRAVE.

Bury the Son of Mars
 Mid' the proud Artillery's roar—
 Let bright escutcheons adorn his tomb,
 With the deeds he has done in War !
 Let his Battle-sword be gleaming—
 Let his white-plumes nod along,—
 And let the voice of the muffled drum
 Be his funereal song !

Bury the rich in possessions
 In a vault of costly gear,—
 Spangle his coffin around with gold—
 Place a thousand torches near,—
 He has left treasures for his burial—
 Let the mandate be obey'd ;—
 Whilst menials mourn, in sable guise,
 The ruin Death has made !

But bury the Child of Genius
 In some lowly grove alone ;—
 Let his dream of ages be undisturb'd—
 His resting-place unknown :—
 But should Eliza e'er enquire
 His fate with seeming care,—
 Oh ! point to the spot with a silent tear,
 And say—" He slumbers there !!!

THE MINSTREL—TO HIS HORSE.

Huzza, my brave steed, for the time is advancing
 Nature will spread thee a carpet of snow,
 And gaily this mane o'er thy graceful neck dancing,
 Shall laugh at the wild-winds wherever we go !

No thought of the present or future shall ruffle us—
 Onward we'll dash—no compeer by thy side—
 The sunbeams shall flash on my own true Buce-
 phalus—

Nought thou desirest shall e'er be deny'd !

Champ not the bit so indignant, as scorning
 Ought that would check thy young heart, my
 brave steed,—

Art thou not free as the breath of the morning ?
 Dost thou save love in my countenance read ?

Ah ! who can tell what deep thoughts, o'er thee
 stealing,

Make thee thus restless in wayward control !

Oh ! could a look so expressive of feeling,
 Beam from an eye that possesses no soul !

Others might deem thee as soulless and leave thee
 To slumber thy last sleep the rude storms beneath ;
 But, could a Minstrel refuse e'en to give thee
 His friendship in life, and his pity in death !

Come then, my friend of the wilderness, foaming—
 Let thy young dreams be as fanciful still,
 As when I found thee on yonder hill roaming,
 Laughing and grazing, or slumb'ring at will !

FRAGMENT.

Reader art thou an unbeliever ?—Come,
 One hour lend the meditative Muse—
 Let us approach with reverential awe
 The holy spot where erst the mild Redeemer
 For *worms of earth* did sweat great drops of blood,
 And trode alone the wine-press of the wrath
 Of Almighty God !—lift the veil of doubt,
 And, with the eye of faith, behold a scene
 Too big for utterance—'tis Gethsamane !
 But, stop not here—the cup is not yet full—
 View him, by creatures of his love despis'd,
 Mock'd, buffeted, derided, crown'd with thorns,
 Condemn'd to ignominious death, and dragg'd
 With thieves to Calvary !—see, th' Incarnate God
 Feels all the penalty our sins incurr'd,
 Wrestling with all the Pow'rs of Death and hell—
 He groans—oh what a sacrifice for Heav'n to witness !

Methinks immortal groups, in deep suspense,
 Crowd round the scene—the Harps of Heav'n are
 mute—

A tear bedims the eye of Gabriel !—
 One general hush profound (as John beheld,)
 Reigns thro' the anxious Hosts !—the Sun turns
 black—

Day hides her face in night—the rocks wide yawn—
 The rending graves deliver up their dead—
 Nature, affrighted with convulsive throbs
 Rocks Mountains, and Creation trembles wide !

Hark ! the manhood, agoniz'd, exclaims
 “ My God ! my God ! why'st thou forsaken me !!! ”
 He drinks the bitter cup, and cries “ 'tis finish'd ! ”
 And bows his head, and—dies ! ! !

Oh ! what a work was finish'd in that hour—
Then white-robed Mercy triumph'd over Justice,
And rebels were redeem'd !—A Man—a GOD,
Yields to the *sting of death* that *death* may die !—

Three days of inconceivable mysteries
The man Christ Jesus slumber'd in the tomb—
Momentous days !—Then heav'n and earth and hell,
In anxious expectation, waited some
Event, perchance unknown to all save GOD !

* * * * *

Now let Immortal Bards take up the theme,
And shout aloud the psalm of the skies !
Sound ! for “ He *was* and *is* and *is to come* !
He bursts the bands of death ! again he comes,
The Conqueror ! the Champion of Heav'n !
The Eternal Son of God ! the Prince of Peace !
And at his Chariot-wheels he captive drags
Sin, Death, and Hell !

Shout, all ye distant worlds,
Ye Sons of God swell high th' immortal theme,
And let the farthest verge of Creation
Re-echo the triumphant song of Heav'n !—

“ Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates—
“ Ye everlasting doors, be open'd wide—
“ And let the King of Glory enter in !”—

He comes, the Conq'ror—first-born of the dead !
Bow low ye flaming sentinels !—He comes,
In garments roll'd in blood—His name is call'd
“ The Word of God !”—these, his attendants, are
The ransom'd-saints he purchas'd from the grave !
Shout ‘ Allelujah ’ 'till the Earth repeat
The loud “ Amen !” “ Amen !”—

ANSWER TO ENQUIRIES BY MYRA.

T'was "*calm*," for the Moon cast her "mantle of light"

O'er the wide spreading woodlands in peaceful repose ;

And nought but the voice that companions with night,
From her lone shady Bowers in whispers arose !

T'was "*holy*," to Mem'ry, for pure was each thought,

As my soul wing'd her flight in fond fancy to thee ;

T'was "*dear*" each perfume in the passing gale brought

A sigh sweetly breath'd in remembrance of me !

T'was "*lovely*," for round me the smiling wave shone

Like the "*gems* that in gardens of sorcery grow ;"

But all those bright stars sweetly blending in one,

Look'd not half so brilliant, so lovely as you !

T'was "*high*," for my spirit had soar'd to that Throne,

Where love blooms immortal, from doubts ever free ;

And the incense I brought was a heart that alone

For thee wing'd its flight there—was offer'd for thee !

 THE CHOLERA.

Hark ! a pestiferous whirlwind is gone
O'er three fourths of the earth, and it still journies on ;

For the Angel of Death rides victorious to war—

Desolation behind—Devastation before—

He sits in his darkness and wildly his breath

Flaps round his pale brow the black Banners of Death—

Hark ! the vengeance of heav'n groans loud in the
blast—

' A God !' the pale Infidel bows to at last !—

Silent he comes in the stillness of night,
And steals on the Hero, and shrouds him in white—
He breathes on the warm cheek—the thoughtless
and gay—

The bright rose of Beauty soon moulders away—
And Genius and Science, the good and the brave ;
Are gather'd alike to their home in the grave !

He touches the wild Harp of Love, and its strings
Hang recklessly dumb—He expands his dark wings
O'er the Palace, the Cottage, the City, the Grove,
And stamps his pale image " on looks that we love !"

The dark stream rolls deeply and broadly along,
For the howling of ghosts is it's burden of song—
The Heavens re-echo the slaughter below,
The cries of despair and the wailing of woe—
A stench has gone up from the dying beneath,
And the charnel-vault yawns with the fullness of
death !

Prepare then ye few yet unscourg'd by the rod,
Nor carelessly list to the call of your God—
His judgments descend—the wide scroll is unfurl'd,
" Lamentation and mourning and woe" to the world !
The Sceptic may doubt and the worldly-one laugh,
Philosophy smile, Infidelity scoff ;—
But the day is at hand, even now at the door—
Away ! and away ! our probation is o'er !
Be ready, ye pilgrims, to launch on the wave—
"Tis done !" no repentance beyond the cold grave !!!

And are we prepar'd for that solemn event,
When the faint pulse of life in it's chillness is spent—
When the coldness of marble pale sleeps on our brow,
And hush'd is the heart that was beating but now !
Are we ready to bless Him who giveth the rod
And for refuge to fly to our Saviour and God ! ! !

TO AMELIA.

Time has thrown its faded spell
O'er the bloom of other years,
And the bow'r we lov'd so well,
Silent 'mid the gloom appears:
Where thy hand was wont to cull
Roses of the fairest hue—
There the leaves of autumn fell—
There the lonely wild-brier grew !
Not a relic of the past,
'Mid the ruins could I see :—
All dismantled by the blast,
Save one solitary tree.—
Its pensile boughs still wave the same
As when we there were wont to rove,
And there I trac'd Amelia's name
Carv'd in youth's first glow of love !
I saw the lonely moonbeam climb
Its aged trunk with mournful ease,
And heard the Harp of other time
Touch'd by the whispers of the breeze !
Thrice have I visited the spot—
Thrice paid the tribute of a tear,—
And thrice engrav'd " Forget me not—"
Beneath Amelia's memory there !

SHE SINGS OF LOVE, &c.

She sings of love as if it were
 But the swell of a momentary air,
 And her soft blue eye roves careless o'er
 The wildest touch of the Minstrel's pow'r.

She has never been taught to pensive rove
 With a tremulous heart o'er the chords of love—
 She has never felt that bosom-thrill
 Of Nature, which speaks far more than skill.

Still may those lips sing careless on—
 To me their notes have no kindred tone;—
 But dear—thrice dear is music's control,
 When it speaks the language of soul to soul !

TO

Brother in song—I silent stand
 With the Harp of the Vale in my trembling hand,
 For I dare not strike its proud chords 'till
 Tis' warm'd by its favorite Minstrel's skill !

Brother in song—shall a wilderness child
 Burst from the gloom with his minstrelsy wild—
 Usurp the bright garland maturity now
 Hath placed upon thy laureate brow ?

Brother in song—pale sorrow may 'twine
 A Cypress Wreath for this temple of mine—
 My song shall be of her bitterest draught,
 Whilst midnight adds terror to doleful thought.

Brother in song—thou hast heard the sad tale—
The visit of Death, and the slumber pale—
The rush of the soul on Eternity's wave—
The burial of hopes in the cold cold grave—

Brother in song—hast thou ever wept
O'er the silent sod where a lov'd-one slept?
Hast thou felt all the wildness of Bosom despair,
To walk from the spot, and leave him there?

Brother in song—does the wintry wind
Some ghost of the past recall to thy mind?
Has each whispering blast o'er thy fancy control—
Does he speak in its voice to thy bursting soul?

Brother in song—when moonbeams creep
Around thee, and revery banishes sleep—
Hast thou e'er been arous'd from thy troubled dream,
When clouds flitted past, by their dying gleam?

Brother in song—all these I have known—
I mourn o'er the fate of a dear-lov'd one—
The moon's pale look, and the wintry wind,
Oft—oft cast a withering spell o'er my mind!

Then, Brother in song—I silent stand
With the harp of the Vale in my trembling hand;
For I dare not awake its proud chords 'till
Tis' warm'd by its favorite minstrel's skill!

THE COTTAGE MAID.

Far in a deep sequester'd vale
Mid' blushing roses and lillies pale,
(Itself and its inmates alike unknown)
A neat little Cottage stands alone.

I pass'd it by—the Sun's last beam
Look'd smiling back on th' Elysian dream,
And the smile was lovely that dy'd away
Mid the Forest's gloom with the close of day !

An Angel form in that sweetest of hours
Reclin'd amid Amaranthine Bow'rs,
And the holy light of her dark blue eye
Gave an exquisite charm to its majesty.

I paus'd with tremulous heart to hear,
For her vespers thrill'd thro' the ev'ning air,
And, oh ! if my soul e'er rose to the sky,
T'was on the wild swell of that minstrelsy !

Not a blush ting'd her cheek but the virgin glow—
Not a dream but of heav'n had mark'd her brow—
That ev'ry unhallowed thought would quell,
And chain the list'ner with holy spell !

I lov'd—but dare not speak my love—
T'was such as we feel for the saints above :—
The song was too high—and the sight, too pure,
For unholy mortals to think of more.

Spirit of Music, whose sacred abode
Is immortal Harps near the Throne of God ;
If a child of this Earth may woo thee from thence,
'Tis Beauty companion'd with Innocence !

I heard the last notes of her vespers close—
The morning return'd, and the bright Sun 'rose,—
And I bade farewell to the "Cottage of Bliss,"
That stands in the Vale of the wilderness !

Years have roll'd on since I pass'd it by—
I've gaz'd on full many a dark blue eye—
I've listen'd when Beauty and Innocence play'd;—
But I ne'er can forget *the Cottage Maid !*

THE MINSTREL'S BOON.

Oh for a young warm heart that ne'er
Had stray'd beyond its native sphere !
Oh for an eye of azure bright
That never shone with dubious light—
Or smil'd, but in that holy smile
Sweet Innocence look'd calm the while—
Or wept, but when the soul sincere
Inspir'd the graceful falling tear !

Oh for a mind—an Angel mind,
For only *one* on Earth design'd,
Alive to ev'ry kindred tone,
And I that *highly favor'd one !*

Beauty-evanescent bestow
Her blushing wreaths on Edwin's brow—
Music, with all her wild control,
In deep suspense chain Henry's soul—
The Nymph of Fashion gaily chuse
A garland for Lysander's muse—
And classic Maids be first among

The proudest notes of Edgar's song—
 Mine be the boon I sought before,
 The *yet unknown*—I ask no more !

In Beauty's smiles, in Music's arms,
 In Fashion's maze, in classic charms,—
 Alike in City, town, or grove,
 I've woo'd them all, and dreamt of love—
 And, tho' full oft the smile I one,
 Tis' still to me—a dream unknown !

Yet, blame me not, as if I were
 A truant boy devoid of care—
 For I would feign thy votary prove
 Could I but find an Altar, Love,—
 Where I would willingly impart
 The Minstrel's last best gift—his heart !

In after days his Muse will bring
Perchance a nobler offering—
 And Fortune teach the boy to 'twine
 A brighter wreath to deck thy shrine—
 Then thou wilt deign his song t' illumine
 With what he styles 'The Minstrel's Boon !!!'

TAKE, OH TAKE, &c.

Take, oh take these blushing roses,
 Place them round the couch of rest
 Where the scornful Nymph reposes—
 Tell her 'tis the Bard's behest !

Bid her watch them as they wither,
 And this moral call to mind,—
 Flow'rs and Beauties fade together—
 Leave but scattered leaves behind !

HOW HARD THE FATE, &c.

Yes, in the brightness of that eye
 A pensive smile expressive beams,
 Perchance its silent majesty
 Of happier minstrel dreams.

Youth of her thoughts, whoe'er thou art,
 Come, proudly bow at Beauty's shrine;
 And love *more eloquent* impart,
 But never, never love like mine !

How hard the fate of him who loves
 In silent sensibility—
 Condemn'd to unfrequented groves
 And lonely revery—

In Fate's vile durance hapless bound,
 To wintry winds he gives his sighs ;
 And whilst he sinks beneath the wound,
 Unpitied loves—unpitied dies !

AIR.

Yes—Joy shall dwell with thee awhile,
 Delighting in thy paths to rove ;
 Warm'd with the health of Beauty's smile,
 And hallow'd by the song of love !

But, cold shall be the wintry gale,
 That sweeps around its dying bloom ;
 When those bright smiles are cold and pale,
 And Love lies slumbering in the tomb !

NIGHT ADDRESS.

Thou Guardian Angel of the night
 That walk'st the pathless vault of heav'n,
 And with a flood of dewy light
 Inspires the slumb'ring shades of ev'n—

Oft have I gaz'd on thy pale beams
 As on the silent wave they rest,
 And, wrapt in more than mortal dreams,
 Have felt that ne'er may be exprest—

And oft this midnight Bow'r has taught
 My glowing Spirit Life's great end,
 To soar the boundless sea of thought,
 And up to Nature's God ascend !

THE BUBBLE.

It pass'd along on its reckless way,
 With a thousand tints delightful and gay,
 That with graceful ease seem'd blending in one—
 For it laughed back the smiles of the Summer Sun !

It merrily dane'd on the azure wave,
 O'er the last sad home of the wealthy and brave ;—
 Heedless it pass'd o'er the young and the old—
 The Ruins of Beauty and Love made cold !

But a puff of air met its fairy path—
 It paus'd—and trembling, dissolv'd in death,—
 And I thought, as I look'd with a pitying sigh,
 How soon the fairest of bubbles may die !

BATTLE OF JOSHUA WITH THE FIVE KINGS
AT GIBEON.

(10th JOSHUA.)

And now the encampment of the Amorites,
Five nations of the Mountains, with their Kings,
Sat down in all the panoply of war
'Fore Gibeon,—and closing ranks on ranks,
Armies on armies—hosts on hosts were seen,—
Their several ensigns floating in the breeze
Along the proud Battalia far and wide !

The men of Gibeon, as a timorous flock
Gathers together, all dismay'd before
The prowling multitude, sat close retired
Within their walls, musing o'er the wild scene
Of threat'ning desolation in despair,
And oft they sighing look'd toward the Camp
Of Joshua with anxious expectation !

Lo ! from the plain a distant cloud appears !
Shout high, ye watchmen, from your tow'rs—they
come !

The men of war from Gilgal !—Israel's tribes !
Ordain'd of Heav'n, approach t'avenge your wrongs ;
The Ark of God leads on the van—the Priests
(Urim and thummin bright) ascend to bring
Deliverance to Gibeon !—

Proclaim

The joyful tidings in your trumpets' sound—
Each blast conveys a promise thro' your ranks—
Your men of war, forth issuing, armour-clad,

Shall follow Israel to the fight and feel
A deathless animation in their souls
Amid the numerous foe !

Do ye not hear
The busy tramp of thousands? the low voice
Occasional that steals along the night,
Hinting of secret deeds?—'Tis Joshua's host !
Gird on your swords and be in readiness
To do as Heav'n directs—to-morrow's sun
Will witness such a day as time ne'er knew,
And future ages may not see again !

* * * * *

Now all the din of War re-echoes wide
Along the distant hills—the Pagan Hosts
Call on their Idols, but *they call in vain*—
The Lord *alone* is GOD !!!—On all sides 'round,
Each avenue foams high with heathen gore,
And multitudes of fallen bite the Earth
Before the tribes invincible—they fly—
Terror and consternation lend them wings—
Their idle weapons strew the crimson ground,
And overwhelming ruin fast pursues
The routed nations !—

Hark ! a voice commands,
Not men, but suns and moons—'tis Joshua !
Before the armies see him Godlike stand
Alone, and, with uplifted hand, pronounce
With emphasis inspir'd the great behest,
"Sun! stand thou still upon Mount Gibeon !
"And thou, oh Moon!! in th' vale of Ajalon !!!"

—————Each, pausing in its course,
Awaits the issue of so strange a time;
Whilst Israel's GOD leads Israel's chosen band
To the great slaughter!—All along the way,
Beth-horon, Azekah, and Makkedah,
Heav'n from her cloudy battlements, unites
With fell discharge of hailstones, and lays waste
More than the battle-sword—the hills, the dales
Are cover'd with the wounded and the dead!

And who can tell what mighty conflicts urg'd
This two-fold day—was it not that same time
Egyptian records speak of, when the Earth,
In retrograde commotion, stagger'd back
From her bright sphere in dubious suspense,
As if astonish'd at the miracle,
And waiting some event (in embryo,)
The wide Creation never felt before!

* * * * *

Now, Gibeon's wrong aveng'd, Israel returns,
Chaunting the Hymn of Victory—before,
Their General walks in all the pomp of one
Inspir'd of Heaven!—each olive-branch bow'd low,
Acknowledging the Conq'ror as he pass'd,
And Men of War, and blushing damsels came,
And youths and infants with the song and dance,
To hail him their Protector!

The mild star
Of Peace again rejoic'd o'er the repose of War!!!

NIGHT ADDRESS.

To a Lilac planted by Miss S. H. deceased.

Why dost thou droop so pensively
 Along the moonbeams pale—
 And seeming weep amid thy smiles,
 Sweet Lilac of the Vale ?

Why to the whispering winds at night
 Thy pensile blossoms spread,
 As wrapt in dreams of other time,
 Fair relic of the dead ?

Dost thou not bathe in sunny smiles,
 And drink the vernal dew ?
 Dost thou not bloom in youthful pride,
 As thou wert wont to do ?

For thou art fair and beautiful—
 No blight of years has thrown,
 Its withering spell about thy flow'rs—
 All desolate and lone—

And 'mid thy spreading branches sing
 The Minstrels of the Grove,
 With sweetly plaintive melody—
 Of Friendship and of Love !

But, ah ! thou would'st a tale unfold—
 A melancholy tale—
 Weep on—weep on—we'll weep with thee—
 Sweet Lilac of the Vale !

Thy smiles no longer may delight
 Who taught thee first to bloom ;
 She rests on yonder hillock green—
 Her still repose—the tomb !

No more the blushing lov'd-one comes
 With ev'ry charm array'd,
 In ev'ning's sacred solitude,
 To muse beneath thy shade !

But why this melancholy thought ?
 Why mourn her early doom ?
 Strew with the Bard in proud esteem,
 White roses o'er her tomb—

And let the passing stranger pause
 With reverential fear,
 And ask, what Child of innocence—
 What Beauty slumbers here ?

Tell him she was too pure for earth—
 Bid him suppress his sighs—
 She walks in all the bloom of youth,
 Mid' flow'rs of Paradise !

Then, why thus droop so pensively
 Along the moonbeams pale ?
 Oh ! smile once more—we'll smile with thee—
 Sweet Lilac of the Vale !!!

TO A COQUETTE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

“ Love flies to some congenial soul,
 “ And settles with a kindred mind.”—

Those lips and their triumphs are o'er,
 Since stolen their primitive kisses,—
 Altho' 't must have been, I am sure,
 In some age more auspicious than this is ;—

But, oh ! there are lips whose soft spell
 Round the soul of the Banquetter hovers,

T'would make e'en the Gods of old time,
 Could they taste the sweet fragrance, their lovers !

That eye may not kindle Love's fires
 Where Coquetry slyly reposes,
 Or *rouge* awake am'rous desires
 In one who has languish'd on roses.

But, oh ! there are orbs that can chain
 The hearts of our wildest Heroics,
 And " blushes triumphant " that reign
 E'en o'er Anchorites, Poets and Stoics !

And such are the orbs that I love,
 Whose " smile of affection " ne'er varies ;
 A *truant to yours* I may prove,
 But, who could prove *truant* to Mary's !

My Mary is brilliant and young,
 Whilst you the bright circles are leaving ;
 Deception ne'er fell from her tongue,
 Whilst yours has grown old with deceiving !

Then give me but beauty's first love—
 A love that from mine ne'er will sever—
 And faithful to it I will prove,
 For ever and ever and ever !

THE BARD'S TRIUMPH OVER LOVE.

Offspring of the Cyprean Queen,
 With thy bow and quiver come,
 If thou can'st, and make thy home,
 Where thou never yet hast been !
 D1

Come in the light of Beauty's eyes !
 Come, with all her magic smiles !
 Know that, with her delusive wiles,
 Thee I despise !

Tho' other Bards have oft bewail'd,
 Or bless'd the eye that aim'd thy darts !
 Halt ! boasted vanquisher of hearts !
 Here thou hast fail'd !

How great soe'er thy triumphs be
 O'er other men—confounded hard—
 But, whilst he lives, the Forest Bard
 Triumph's o'er thee !

Avaunt ! thou pale faint-hearted "dove"—
 Foil'd by a youth of twenty-three ?
 Huzza ! a noble victory
 O'er Tyrant Love !!!

ETERNITY.

This Fragment was intended to embrace all the most memorable events recorded in sacred and profane history.—The Author has to regret the loss of several sheets ; which, for the present precludes all possibility of an entire Poem. It will however be revised and concluded in a subsequent work.

I sing Eternity !
 Wide, boundless, and unfathomable in thought :
 Ere Being, save *Being's Author*, was—that, wrapt
 In one vast solitude, one hush profound,
 Yet canopy'd the Palace of a GOD—
 Infinity !—(yet, t'was not solitude—
 Th' Eternal purpose had already peopled

The wide immensity with embryo worlds—
 The past and future, to th' Omniscient Eye,
 Present alike)—and, as the Triune God,
 Lean'd o'er the wide abyss, and saw *no form*
 To do Him homage, He His Sov'reign Will
 Express'd in Holy meditation—from
 That same a *pure and living flame* went forth,
 Far thro' the vacuum, which, enkindled by
 Creative essence, reflected the bright flood,
 Than which, no brighter e'er before had dawn'd !—
 Mus'd the Divinity—and radiant Bands
 Of Seraphs, waking from the dream divine,
 Advanc'd in holy groups, and bow'd them low
 Before the Antient of Eternity !

Their Maker, pleas'd, baptiz'd them Sons of Light
 And each his post assign'd them—round the Throne
 They flaming stood—the Hierarch's of Heav'n !

But one, there was,
 Foremost in pow'r, intoxicated with
 His Godlike pomp, dare question of his Birth,
 And, impious, deem himself the Author !—Pride
 Engender'd sin and sin engender'd hate !
 Satan rebell'd ! The Battlements of Light
 First storm'd a foe !—His gloomy legions drawn
 In dark Battalia to Heav'n's fartherst verge
 Held sullen counsel—whilst distrust and fear
 Usurp the r dience that erst crown'd their brows !
 And now they stood, half unresolv'd ; yet, urg'd
 By their Apostate Chief, seiz'd on the North,
 Rent a black Banner from her pall of darkness
 And broad unfurl'd it in the face of heav'n !
 Jehovah saw ! unsheath'd his light'nings—far

The empyrean shook—and Satan felt
 The terrors of the vengeance of a God !!!
 Routed, his legions o'er the bounds of Light,
 Tumbled thro' chaos, to the depths of night's
 Deep, hidden mystery !—One triumphal shout
 Rang thro' the Courts of Heav'n ! Immortal Harps
 Struck up the song of victory and tall
 Archangels cry " Hosannah to the Lord !"
 The Sov'reign of Eternity ! th' Invincible
 " I am, that was, and is, and is to come !!! "

He, reading in their infant minds a wish,
A Holy wish, that the deserted Thrones
 (Late fill'd with Pow'rs now howling in their fall)
 Were giv'n to Beings-new—He bless'd that wish,
 And, o'er his firm Decrees deep musing, sat !

Here, for the first, a God display'd his might,
 (Save in the Majesty of his own thoughts,)
 And now he breath'd upon the desert void
 And Chaos, starting from its sleep of ages,
 Floated along th' immensity, pregnant
 With elements of Worlds !

This was the Dawn—
 The morning of Creation—her grey mists
 Hung o'er the Eastern borders !—silent stood
 The fair musicians round the Harps of God,
 In mute suspense, all wond'ring ;—till, at length,
 Sun after Sun arose, attended by
 Their planetary guards, a splendid concourse—
 And, rolling thro' the spacious fields of light,
 Paus'd in the centre, for the great Review !

Rang'd in due order by th' supreme Behest
 And balanc'd in their destin'd orbits—Nature

Struck up the march of time—and ranks on ranks
Of suns and stars and satellites began
Their march, thro' the triumphal Arch of Heav'n,
Around the throne of God—deep thro' the armies,
With pennons broad unfurl'd, the Comets walk
Their flaming rounds,—bright sentinels of systems—
Now, near the Royal Standard of the skies—
Now, far remote, to nature's utmost bounds ?

Thus far inanimate Creation rose
(Save th' immortal family)—those orbs
Gilded the spacious concave, useless ornaments—
Not so predestin'd—the Eternal spake—
“ Let us make man ! ”—Angels respond ‘ amen ! ’
‘ Amen ’ re-echo'd wide the distant worlds—
‘ Amen ’—‘ amen ’ reiterated Heav'n !
Oh ! wondrous miracle ! unread by man,
Save in the volume of his soul's deep thought—
But darkly there !—the God of nature deigns
To walk in lower worlds, and from their dust,
Call into being creatures of his love—
A worm !—a man !—the semblance of a God !

Hail ! hoary Ancestor of earth's vast multitude !
Thou Adam of our race—In fancy, I
Behold thy reverend shade seated amid
Spirits of later period, far beyond
Those starry hills, where flows the stream of life,
Immortal, thro' the Paradise of God !

They question thee the mystery of thy birth ;
Of thy first meditations ; of the sleep,
From which thou, waking, clasp'd a lovelier self
And celebrated earth's first nuptial vow ;—

The fatal tree and thy unhappy fall ;
 But, chief, of man restor'd?—then they embrace
 In filial love, and call thee Father still,
 And tell the tale of their deliverance,
 How they too fell asleep, and waking, found
 Themselves in Heav'n !

But stay, my raptur'd Muse,
 For thou art not permitted yet to taste
 Joys too transcendent for thy lowly song—
 Rest thee on this side the mysterious veil
 Which severs thee from realms of living light—
 Perform the task assign'd thee whilst thou hast
 A Guardian Angel to instruct thy dreams—
 Then soar on bolder wing to themes unsung
 By mortal harp ; nor cease th' aspiring song
 'Till thou hast felt the sacred fire that burns
 For Bards immortal—then thy censor bring
 And wave hⁱ-h incense for the heav'n of heav'ns !—

Yes, God infus'd in man a portion of
 His own Divinity, and fram'd his mind
 For social intercourse and regal pow'r !
 The fair companions of earth's wide domain
 Look'd round them, and, behold, the vassal tribes
 Welcom'd them Sov'reign !—stately Lions kneel'd
 To kiss their hands in token of submission—
 Leopards and tigers stretch'd them at their feet—
 And universal joy in ev'ry look
 Lull'd the new comers to a sweet repose !—
 The Minstrels of the Grove, from roseate Bow'rs,
 Breath'd melody in each inspiring gale—
 Smil'd the soft bubbling streamlets in their course—
 Echo'd the laughing vales with balmy notes—

And the long vistas, spangled o'er with dew,
Waved in recumbent garlands, rich with odors—
The rocks, the hills, the mountains all rejoic'd,
And nature's amphitheatre was heav'n !

Angels watch o'er their sleep and in their dreams
Bright imagery from the skies unveil
The goodness of a bounteous Providence !

They slept *to love*—awoke to tune their praise
In more harmonious numbers and enjoy
The full perfection of their innocence
In rich pavilions whose green tapestry
Was graceful vines fill'd with ambrosial fruits—
Whose carpet roses—and, whose all, divine !

Thus slumber'd man in his primæval state ;
Or, walk'd thro' tall arcades and listen'd to
The orisons of an Elysian morn—
No care intrus'd, no dark doubts arose
To cloud th' horizon of his earl'y dawn ;
But, wheresoe'er he turn'd, there some new charm
Met his enraptur'd gaze !—The sky was calm—
Gently the fragrant gale embrac'd his cheek—
No storms wept o'er him (tears were yet unknown)—
All—all was peace and harmony and love !!!

Satan stood viewing from his deep retreat—
Wonder profound had stamp'd his gloomy brow,
And, as his vassals girt him round with robes
Of blackest darkness, thus he them address'd—
Thrones, principalities and pow'rs ! if He
Whose light'nings so transfix'd of late your Chief
And sent us headlong from the heights of Heav'n,
Has made yon bright assemblage—it is meet

That we should know for whom those Palaces
Sail their mysterious rounds !—I must confess
It puzzles me what means the novel scene !

These scars receiv'd at God's right hand must
needs

Inform you of my might—I warr'd with Jove
And dar'd the congregated Hosts of heav'n
To single combat !—What decree unerv'd
My arm I wist not ; but, had I retain'd
My wonted vigor, half her ranks had fall'n
Ere Satan would have turn'd him from the foe !

Experience teaches us 'tis vain to strive
In honorable warfare—who dare tempt
The Thunderer face to face, when we so late
Witness'd him All-Invincible ?—No, Hell
In future must devise some subtle scheme
To irritate whom she cannot destroy !
Ungird my armor !—I will get me up
Yon radiant way, and steal invisible
Along the walk of Angels, if perchance
I may discover what new scheme is this,
And, reconnoit'ring, I may tempt some new
Disaster in Creation !—And, should I meet
A straggler from the Armies of the skies
A Michael or a Gabriel, I will try,
Once more what Satan's veteran arm can do !

Hell groan'd loud acclamation, and the chief
Of fallen Angels his dark helm unbound
And brush'd the night away :—his pinions spread,
Thunder'd along the infinite ascent
Thro' realms of darkness to the height remote

Where the last ray of Heav'n reflects, whilst they,
 His Legions, watch'd him, 'till, like a dim speck,
 He faded from their view !—Upward he climb'd
 The pillars of the sky; nor paus'd to rest
 Until he reach'd this fated world of ours :
 Then gazing round him full three days he stood
 In silent wonder—'twas a silence big
 With meditation—and he thus had stood,
 Musing perchance 'till now, had not a form,
 In robes of splendor, lighting by his side,
 Awak'd him from the reverie profound !
 Satan first spake—he long'd to prove his pow'r
 Of subtle argument, and tempt th' unknown—
 Seraph ! (for such thy robes bespeak thee,) may
 An Angel from the kingdoms more remote
 Ask your high mission and enquire what these
 Bright Orbs are doing?—are they sentinels
 Station'd by God on the outskirts of heav'n
 To guard the frontiers?—or come they from realms
 Before unknown to us—the equipage
 Of some new God that ne'er before hath ventur'd
 So far into the centre?—for, methinks,
 'Tis much unlike what we are wont to see !

And I have heard that, far into the North,
 There reigns a Monarch who may vie with ours—
 Aye, mightier than ours !—But what think ye ?
 The Seraph stood in majesty of truth
 And thus responded—
 These spacious Orbs which far extend along
 The skirts of heav'n, and partially embrace
 In streams of light, are worlds designed, for a
 New race of beings, who shall hold control

Over the multitudes of menial tribes
 That too inhabit them—But, here we pause—
 None but the Sov'reign Architect himself
 Knows more concerning them—Hither I'm come
 To view the Parent of this little world
 As peacefully he slumbers by her side
 Whom God hath giv'n to be his fair companion ;
 For I much long to see this miracle,
 A being form'd of dust !

But, thou hast heard
 Of other Monarchs than the Triune God,
 Jehovah ?—Impious ! When Satan fell,
 'Twas said his rebel followers fell with him ;
 But one, accurst, yet linger'd in thyself,
 Since thou hast dared to speak high-treason 'gainst
 Heav'n's highest sanctuary !—Hold ! if thou art
 A spy sent out from Lucifer's dark realms
 Or partizan of hell, (for, such must be
 The dread domain where reigns the Rebel Chief)
 I will not rest me on polluted ground,
 Near where thou standest. Get thee gone, or I
 Must hie me back to Heav'n for protection !
 The Seraph stretch'd his golden pinions wide,
 And soar'd along the *walks of light* ; whilst stood
 The tall Arch-fiend in sullen attitude,
 Musing on future deeds of darkness !

He turn'd him to the garden and behold
 A sight (a lovely sight to aught but hate
 Infernal) of *sleeping innocence*—he smil'd,
 A *ghastly smile*—t'was ominous, for its birth
 Was ruin predetermin'd !—

Silent he stood
Beside the slumberers—and view'd the tree,
The fatal "tree of knowledge," and full soon,
By magic skill, he read its full intent,
And, in the absence of their Guardian Angel
Infus'd into their dreams th' unholy wish
That wrought their subsequent fall!

Here rush'd
The tow'ring Genius of a Milton wild—
No dæmon artifice, no hellish lore,
Could steal upon the purpose of 'A GOD !'
It was predestin'd from the World's foundation,—
The dispensations of Almighty wisdom
Had circumscrib'd the limits, and ordain'd
Each strange event as pleas'd his sov'reign will !
The Spouse of man awoke—Satan, transform'd,
Array'd in bright ensignia of the skies,
Smil'd, as some friendly messenger, and thus
Accosted her—

Fair Empress of the Earth,
That thou art passing beautiful, 'tis said,
Ev'n in the highest courts—all that remains
Wanting to make thee such as we are, is
Th' ambrosial fruit of yon celestial tree,—
Eat, and ev'n ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing the *good from evil !*

On his lips
There dwelt such syren sweetness, and his eye
Beam'd with such *holy love assum'd !*

—Alas !

Sigh'd Eve, we feign would do as you advise,
But God hath said "*Eat, and ye surely die !*"
In momentary silence Satan stood,
And half recoil'd ; but t'was a pause of thoughts
Collecting,—and he thus, with pride, resum'd—
Ye shall not surely die ! God would not have
Ye vie with him in wisdom ; for He knows,
That when ye once have eaten, ye shall be
Ev'n like himself in this his *boasted attribute !*
And who shall bear the tidings to His Throne,
'Thro' the infinity that hangs between ?
Eat, and ye shall not surely die, but live,
And be as Gods forever !

Eve beguil'd,
Obey'd, and from her fell the robes of innocence,
Nature's attire—she knew that she had sinn'd,
But from that *sin* what dazzling visions rose
Upon her tow'ring fancy !—gently she rous'd
Her drowsy spouse, imparting all she knew,
And, in the ecstasy of mutual love,
Adam became a partner of her shame !
They fell—and in full nakedness of guilt !—
Satan begirt himself for hasty travel,
And, bounding o'er the rising of the Sun,
Dash'd him adown the shadowy precipice,
Down, down, down, down, till *down* there was no
more.

His dusky Heralds, from their tow'rs of mist,
Had scarce proclaim'd their Chieftain's near approach

When in the midst he stood—the Pow'rs of Darkness
 Rose to congratulate his safe return,
 And all was silence, save occasional groans
 That stole unconscious from the dying gleam
 Of tortur'd spirit; that, with anxious wish,
 Look'd on his sullen brow, deep-flush'd with conquest;
 Pale and dim they rang'd in black'ning crowds
 'Round th' infernal Orator, whose look
 Bespoke some mighty issue near at hand!
 Thus spake th' accurst—Confederates in guilt,
 First in Rebellion, whose fix'd deathless hate
 Burns in the fire of deathless spirits and
 Eclipses e'en the gloomy grandeur of
 These billowy flames around you, and leaves Hell
 In "*darkness visible!*" Your Chief has wrought
 His predetermin'd purpose! Ye all know
 My errand to those stranger-orbs remote—
 Since last we met in counsel, unmolested
 I walk'd the *fields of light* and sojourn'd with
 New worlds that have been form'd of late, for beings,
 That, in similitude of form, are Gods—
 Simple of heart and credulous of falsehood,—
 Fit instruments on which to wreak our vengeance,
 And, thus pervert Heav'ns purpose:—for no doubt,
 They are intended to succeed our birthright
 And grace those thrones which once were made
 august
 By our illustrious presence!—When at first
 I gaz'd in admiration on the whole
Stupendous chain of luminaries, and saw
 Nature light up their lamps *from world to world*,
 By my own self! it was a goodly sight!

But, there is *one* call'd Earth—the theatre
 Of all our future wars—Here have I chos'n
 The Battle field—here have I erected
 A *Banner* which, methinks, must needs withstand
 The complicated prowess of the skies !
 Two artless beings, so form'd as to enjoy
 Such pure refinement of mutual love
 As we ne'er knew, susceptible of joys
 That we ne'er dreamt of, I found *sleeping* there ;
 (For such is call'd a *sweet repose*, on them
 At times bestow'd)—a smiling Eden round,
 And, *in the midst*, the “ Tree of Knowledge ” blooms ;
 The fruit of which, delicious to the sight,
 By God's behest was to remain untouch'd,
 Lest eating, they should some new way devise
 To sin against his will !—He lov'd them well—
 And I to grieve and draw his judgements down
 On their devoted heads did tempt them sore,
 With such deep-studied artifice withal,
 Behold ! the simpletons did eat, and thus
 Fell from their first estate of innocence
 To disobedience—their reward will be
 Sin, Death and Misery !—Thus have I perform'd
 An emprise worthy of the Prince of Hell !
 One hellish laugh loud mingling with dire groans,
 The sulph'rous caverns echo'd with the din
 Of closing ranks on ranks ; whilst spectral features,
 Blacken'd with one dense cloud of fire and smoke,
 Ghastly and pale withal, grinn'd acclamation.

* * * * * * *
 * * * * * * *

FRAGMENT.

To thee, oh Egypt ! in my soul's deep thought,
 Have I full oft retir'd, and, musing o'er
 The ruins of Antiquity, with awe,
 Touch'd the lone Harp of Ages to thy praise !

Oft view'd in fancy, thy tall Pyramids—
 Perchance where erst the *sons of science* stood
 To read the starry mysteries of heav'n,
 Wrapt in prophetic dreams ; or *men of art*,
 With hieroglyphic devices, half-engrav'd
The tales of other time : and I have walk'd
 Amid thy subterraneous catacombs,
 And view'd the relics of past grandeur—forms
 That walk'd the earth three thousand years ago,
 That smil'd and wept as we now do—and died !

How wonderful that Labyrinth, whose womb
 Contains twelve palaces, three thousand vaults,
 Too intricate to name ; or grottos wrought
 By art and nature ; excavations deep—
 The stone retaining Cleopatra's name,
 And sculptures that adorn the world around
 Grand Cairo ; the Corinthian Pillar which
 Commemorates Great Pompey, ancient walls,
 The Sphynx, and all the wonders of that land
 Which mock description.

Proudly I the song
 Of admiration dedicate to thee,

And, with thy hoary Genius unconfin'd,
Hallow each fragment of thy former fame !

The Mediterranean spreads her stormy barriers
To guard thy northern coast—thy Eastern shore
Flings back the foam-wreaths of that fatal sea
Where Pharoah's Hosts (in days of yore) did yield
To the strange warfare of the man of God—
Dark on thy Western borders, Deserts wild,
Wrapt in impenetrable gloom, keep watch—
Whilst to the South, the Abyssinian chain
Rears its dark front as envious of thy fame !

Whether we trace the beauties of that vale,
In whose soft bosom the majestic Nile
Unfolds its limpid waves, as heralds from
The lofty mountains of the moon ; or deem
We navigate those boundless seas of sand,
Pausing anon amid their flow'ry Isles,
To drink the fragrance of the Oases—
Perambulate the Plaintain walk, or sit
In Bow'rs Pomegrâdate, 'neath the Olive shade ;
Or pluck the ancient fig-tree, and retrace
The monument which Alexander left
To tell his mad ambition ; or, where once
Isis and Anubis conspicuous stood
Among the sculptur'd idols—still, with thee
The soul-contemplative delights to range
Back to the ages of antiquity !

How wild to muse by thy transparent Lakes,
(Menzala, Kela, Berelos,) and hear

Them mourn the fate of Marcotis *their sister*—
 List to the distant hum of busy towns,
 Rosetta, Damietta, and reflect
 On days of other time !

But hark ! methinks
 I hear the wild cry of the prowling Tiger,
 The blood-snuff of Hyænas ; whilst, around
 The graceful Antelope with timid stag
 Hides in thick coverts ! Here the Camel stalks
 Heedless along—there th' Ichneumon steals
 Amid the rocks with fearful glance ; afar,
 The Dæmon of the wave, *in lizard shape*,
 Shakes his dark scales, and opes his pond'rous jaws
 In hungry mood, with threat'ning attitude !
 Here the Camelion quaffs aerial food,
 And mocks description with alternate hues—
 Above, the princely Eagle hovers round
 On golden pinions ; whilst, beneath him mourns
 The lonely Pelican ; or Ibis preys
 On serpent food—along the silent shore,
 The stately Ostrich walks with giant strength,
 Beneath his feet the horn'd Cerastes squirms
 (The aspic that of old time kiss'd to death
 The warm devoted bosom of the Queen,
 Matchless in beauty, but in virtue frail,)
 And bites the dust in agony of death !

Thee, Chief of Alexandria ! I view
 Ancient of Cities, Pillar of the West,
 Phoenix of Tyre and Carthage—where the world
 Once held her Grand Emporium—India's wealth

Distributed to Europe and to Asia—
 Thy watch-fire brightly burns on Pharos Isle
 The magnet of the seas—thy Bagnios, Mosques,
 Triumphant Arches, and Majestic Domes,
 Lift up their tow'ring Pillars to the skies
 And smile in Sov'reign grandeur ! but how fall'n !

Yet Cairo, (modern Capital,) with all
 Thy hundred thousands, cities old and new,
 Castle of Saladin, Mosaic Domes,
 Remnants of Patriarchal Palaces,
 Ruins of ancient Memphis, and strange arts,
 Thou hast but a *poor name* compar'd with hers !

And thou, the scite of old Pelusium,
 And Seyd, the remnant of Egyptian Thebes,
 Hide your diminish'd heads ! Suez, Cossire,
 All pay obeisance to the memory
 Of Alexandria ; though her present name
 Is dwindled down to humble *Scandaroon* !

I sing the ancient Egypt as she stood
 When Greece was school'd there ; ere blind Sa-
 racens

(Mistaken zeal) threw down her Libraries—
Her Libraries magnificent, and gave
 Her manuscripts to the devouring flame—
 When the proud race of Pharaoh fill'd her Throne,
 Uninterrupted in a long descent,
 Until the ambitious Crown of Persia wav'd
 Her sword of victory there (unvanquish'd yet
 By Macedonia) and triumphantly
 Gave Law to Egypt ! But Darius met

The Band invincible, and fought, and fell
 From that proud eminence ! The Godlike Son
 Of Philip reigns over the wide domain—
 'Tis Alexander, not *Cambyses*, now !

Sudden are the transitions plann'd by fate—
 The conq'ror leaves his conquests to the world,
 To share with Jupiter Ammon in the skies
 Of Heathen fable. Ptolemy succeeds—
 Restores th' Egyptian monarchy again
 To primitive independence ; from him sprang
 Those Kings who reign'd almost three hundred
 years,

And handed down the sceptre *now adorn'd*
With laurels won in Syria to the wife
 Of Ptolemy Dyonisius, Cleopatra,
 (Mistress of Julius Cæsar and Mark Anthony,)
 Who liv'd to see the Roman Eagles wave
 In triumph o'er her wall—*then dared to die !*

Thus Egypt now became a Roman Province,
 Until the Caliph of Mahomed mounts
 The Throne. Omar too reign'd and pass'd away—
 Nouredin, Saladin (he fa'n'd in fight
 Against the bold crusaders,)—long their descent
 Held regal away ; till the brave Mamelukes
 Made noble stand against the Turkish arms
 And rescu'd Egypt from their tyranny !

She might have flourish'd, had not Selim rose
 In bloody conflict, and with numerous Hosts
 Bore down all opposition. Turkish 'moons'

FRAGMENT.

Again victorious wave there—her Regalia,
Again transferr'd to Ottoman ambition !

Then the marauders of Zinganeus left
Their native land, and, scattering wide along
Europe and Asia, from them sprang those strange
Mysterious wand'ers known as Gypsies now.

* * * * *

Long shall the name of Ali Bey be known,
Th' adventurer, who now ascends the Throne
Of th' ancient Sultans—Palestine and Syria
Bare witness of his prowess. Sheik Daher,
Th' Arabian Prince, warmly espous'd his cause,
The Asiatic Government resist
His growing pow'r *in vain*, and Ali Bey
Egypt restores from anarchy and bondage.

But treachery *in ambush* 'waits the conqueror—
Mahomet Bey Ahudahab (whose name
Lives but in detestation) now usurps
His laurels, and, with diabolic warfare,
Establishes *his pow'r* ; but retribution
Hangs o'er his midnight couch—in Palestine
He pays the forfeit of his cruelties !
Murad and Ibrahim next 'rose upon
The ruin of their predecessors ; yet,
Domestic jealousies soon intervene,
And *they too* pass away ! In quick succession
Th' *Invincible of Corsica** with all
His mighty legions march'd with giant stride

* Buonaparte.

Thro' the vast Delta. Cairo trembling yields,
 And Gallia's Hosts pitch their victorious camp
 In Egypt's bosom. But Britannia's tars
 Led by immortal Keith; her gallant troops
 By Abercrombie, (who with his heart's blood seal'd
 His fame near Alexandria) soon expell'd
 The French invaders: yet British generosity
 Could not restore to peace the hostile feuds
 (The Turks and Mamelukes)—intestine broils
 Spread devastation wide, and blood and slaughter
 Are ordinary scenes in Egypt still!

* * * * *

Thine Ancestry, but little less than gods—
 Methinks their ghosts, oft leaning from the skies
 Look down on their degenerate race—and frown
 Disdain upon their abject slavery!

* * * * *

ADDRESS

TO THE SUSSEX VALE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Creation heard th' Omnipotent command,
 And Light burst forth refulgent, from the dark
 Abyss of Night, in peaceful dreams of Heav'n—
 Spread her celestial drapery o'er the skies,
 And brilliant orbs, and twinkling stars, and worlds
 On worlds throughout the wide infinity,
 Join'd in glad Nature's morning sacrifice,
 Whilst "all the Sons of God shouted for joy!"

Thus God infus'd in man a portion of
 His own divinity—"this is that light
 Which lighteth ev'ry man,"—that lifts the veil
 From ev'ry eye, disclosing partial views
 Of that proud eminence of the human race—
Knowledge of right and wrong!—Then, say my muse,
 Wilt thou not lend the Harp of Lansdale to
 The Righteous Cause, the Philanthropic Band,
 And weave amid thy garlands, one bright wreath
 For Temperance?—Make invincible appeal
 Home to the souls of those who careless look,
 Upon its unfurl'd Banners, which (inscrib'd
 "Peace and good will tow'rd men") seeming invite
 Millenium visions t' an expectant world?

Conscience! thou secret monitor of souls!
 Whose Throne, within the precincts of the heart,
 Is based on deep reflection—lend thine aid—
 Avert the wrongs which Prejudice prepares—
 New-model Fashion, and from pole to pole
 Hold thou thy *Courts of Truth*, unbiass'd by
 Unruly Passion and Temptation pale!
 Join with the March of Intellect, and ere
 Nations, in uproar, seek Reform of Kings,
 Each man reform himself—the *watchword* be
 ' *Example,*' and submit the rest to GOD!!!

Go on, ye chosen few—you have begun
 A March—a noble March!—Sound high the Trump!
 Recruits await you in each dangerous pass,
 And budding laurels, from the towering height
 Ye would attain, already bloom to deck
 Your brows with victory!—Your motto be
 "The renovation of a fallen World!!!"

THE GENIUS OF THE WILDWOOD—TO LOVE.

Gently, sweet Love, on my raptur'd sight
 Steal like a vision of heavenly birth—
 Flash o'er my dreams as a *ray of light*,
 Some *Angel* hath sent to a *Child of Earth* !

Come in the stillness of musings deep,
 Guided by truth to a Minstrel's heart ;
 Teach me in *fulness of feeling* to weep,
 But teach me to *weep* without the smart !

Lead me thy Captive to Fairy Isles,
 Where Fancy oft wafts the Lover's sighs ;—
 Crown my *wild Harp* with a *Wreath of Smiles*,
 Warm from the splendor of Beauty's eyes !

And, should my young heart, in that flood of light,
 Strike thee too daring a swell of joy—
 Forgive the presumption of wild delight—
 The unstudy'd song of a Shepherd Boy !

I'll rear thee an Altar in every thought,
 And Hope shall light up its incense to flame ;
 No perfume but that from sincerity brought,
 Shall be offer'd—no pray'r but a Poet's claim !

Then, gently, sweet Love, on my raptur'd sight,
 Steal like a vision of heavenly birth ;—
 Flash o'er my dreams as a ray of light
 Some Angel hath sent to a Child of Earth !

MEMORY.

I do not know what *spirit of the past*
 Breathes on *the present* such soul-melting melody
 And makes us love the *joys forever gone*
 More than the *joys which are* ;—but that *unknown*
 Brings such a melancholy pleasure with her
 Of shrouded loves and coffin'd friendships, I
 Would not exchange her for a thousand worlds !—
 For it is sweet to interchange our tears
 With shades of the departed and give back
 A pale memento to our absent loves—
 To walk amid forgetfulness and hold
 Communion with the days of other years—
 To muse beside the graves of early smiles
 And shake hands with the hoary Genius, Memory !
 Oh ! I have tasted *the immortal joys*
Of Hope beside some solitary mound,
 (E'en in the midst of all my wretchedness,)
 And dreamt of an *eternal day* to come,
 That shall awake the pale repose of death
 And give " the *lost on earth* revived in heav'n !"
 And I have felt a wildness in the dream
 Which, rushing thro' the wilderness of Time,
 Borders on visions *too transcendant—too*
 Exalted for a song of earth to name !

I have *a mind*, and in that mind *a Throne*,
 And on that Throne (of all its earthly pow'rs)
 Memory sits Chief—nor could this soul of mine
 Give pause to such a world of care as this
 But for her balm—administer'd full oft
 In solitary hour !—

But, why cannot this *innate principle*,
 Pausing midway, between the past and future,
 Look upon them *both* and read *their mysteries*
 With equal eye !—and so (by Faith) it can—
 But, stretching o'er the farthest verge of Time,
 The fading scenes of life are left behind—
 Aye, lost in the unclouded blaze of worlds
 Beyond the Noonday Sun,—'twould walk with An-
 gels
 Amid the Harps of GOD !

Give me the holy calm of Midnight hour—
 And, from her silence, such society
 Of my departed joys I'd conjure up,
 (Whilst lips stand mute and eloquence is dumb)

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Memory ! I love thee ! tho' 'mid chequer'd shades
 Thou walk'st o'er broken tombs !—Give me thy star
 To aid my pale descent into the grave—
 Nor fail me as I pass its shadowy mists
 To my immortal walk among the stars ! !



TO AN INFANT PLAYING ROUND ITS MO-
 THER'S GRAVE.

Smile not—smile not, unconscious Babe ;
 But warm with a holy tear
 This cheerless sod—for, know, sweet Babe,
 Thy mother slumbers here !

Tread lightly then, sweet Orphan Babe,
 Nor o'er the hillock creep ;
 F1

But linger by its borders, love,
Lest thou disturb her sleep :—

Nor cull those flow'rs, my pretty Babe,—
Lone sentinels of the dead—
But leave them with the winds at night
To sigh o'er thy mother's head !

INSCRIBED TO MYRA.

(Air—Oh no, we never mention her—)

Oh no, we ne'er may meet again,
As once we fondly met—
They say we speak with coolness now,
And part without regret—
And yet the look of other years
Full oft unmark'd I prove—
The pensive smile—the silent tear—
Still hints of former love !

They say another warms my breast—
I spurn the thought from thence—
And view the young, the beautiful,
With cold indifference—
Forgotten loves,—forgotten vows,—
Still linger round my heart ;—
And, tho' we sever'd are fore'er,
Still there—still there thou art !

I've watch'd thee in " the festive Hall,"
Where the Wit and Splendor move—
I've seen the rose fade from thy cheek,
Whilst others sung of love—

And once I caught thy wand'ring eye,
 The last—last time we met—
 Methought our souls reproach'd us both,
 That we should e'er forget !

And who can tell but yet once more
 The veil may be remov'd,
 And we may meet again, and *love*,
 As once *we thought we lov'd* ;
 But, ah ! perhaps our childish hearts
 No real friendship bore ;—
 They dreamt of the delusive joy,
 And woke *to dream no more !*

Oh no—we never meet again,
 As once we fondly met—
 Our words express but coolness now—
 Our parting no regret—
 And I, with reckless hand, imprint
 This sonnet for the Grove—
 'Tis' but the *dream of other years*—
 'Tis' not the *dream of love !*

PARODY.

(Air—The Woodpecker.)

I knew as our Banners majestic unfurl'd
 That Mars, with his thunders approaching, was
 near ;
 And I said, if there's fame "to be found in the
 world,"
 The sword of Britannia shall purchase it here.

T'was Morn, and the wide-spreading Cottages
'round,

Were slumb'ring, for nature repos'd 'mid her
charms—

“ Ev'ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,”
But the far-distant clank of the Warrior's arms !

T'was not long ere the roar of Artillery came,
Red bursting along thro' the ranks of the
brave,

And our Brethren, rememb'ring their Ancestor's
fame,

Soon wav'd their proud laurels o'er Tyranny's
grave.

By the side of yon wild-flow'r that blushing
dips

In the blood of the valiant a Warrior* nods—
The *onset of Battle* has dy'd from his lips—

His proud Spirit rush'd to the *realms of the
Gods !*

We mourn the *departed in glory*, but deeds,
Such as these, must be purchas'd with Oceans
of blood—

And, tho,' in the conflict, the Veteran bleeds,
We hallow each spot where his prowess once
stood !

Then, whilst we re-echo our Wellington's name,
To the ghosts of the dead this wild-pæan we
swell ;

And, engrav'd in our bosoms, one general fame
Encircle the pious remembrance of all !

Duke of Brunswick.

ON THE WINDS.

The summer spell is gone—

But the rude Genius of the Winds hath past
O'er the wild Harp of Winter—Hark ! each blast
Conveys a deeper tone

Hail ! hoary-headed Minstrel of the North !

I love to watch thee as thou ventur'st forth
In low, low murmurs, that at distance come
Like unseen spirits stealing thro' the midnight
gloom—

Pausing anon—the tombs among—

As if it woo'd the grave with dying—dying song !

Then, starting from thy resting place, (the grave,)
O'er surge and surf thy hurried Muse runs mad
With the rude rushing roar of wind and wave—
Till' spent thy rage—now *heavy, lone, and sad !*

And there is deathly grandeur in thy song,
Wrapt in the mysteries of some passing cloud,
When forked light'nings play the chords among
And Earth shakes with convulsions—long and
loud !—

Or, when th' Autumnal blast
Rolls the mountain-side along,
And the howl of injur'd ghosts
Aids the song !

Genius of the winds, sing on !—thy call—
Thy *lullaby* shall rock the hills to sleep—
And thou shalt thy wild revels keep
O'er the ruins of us all !!!

AIR.

Why those melancholy tears—
 Weeping all the while, lassie ?
 Here's a health to happier years—
 Light it with a smile, lassie !
 Where's a love so true as mine—
 True alone to thee, lassie !
 Where's a heart so warm as thine ?—
 Give it all to me, lassie !

Tho' to other lands I go,
 O'er the distant main, lassie ;
 Why so melancholy now ?—
 We may meet again, lassie !
 Here's a *Locket* never felt
 Falsehood's with'ring breath, lassie !—
 Wear it in thy Highland belt,
 And keep it safe till death, lassie !

Time may throw her faded spell
 O'er our youthful bloom, lassie ;
 But can souls that love so well
 Ever find a tomb, lassie !
 Why then spoil to day with tears—
 Weeping all the while, lassie ?
 Here's a health to happier years—
 Light it with a smile, lassie !

FRAGMENT.

Hail ! Star of Bethlehem !
 Well might the Eastern Sages bring their "gifts,"
 "Gold, frankincense, and myrrh," to hail the infant

Prophet, Priest and King ! !—Mysterious Babe—
 Lion of the tribe of Judah—Rock of Ages—
 The bright, the Morning Star !—the fount that op'd
 In th' house of David, for each thirsty soul
 To drink and live !—The Lord, our Righteousness—
 Angel of the everlasting Covenant—
 Conducting Israel to the promis'd Land—
 That was to bruise the Serpent's head and triumph
 O'er Death and Hell ! t' unfold the golden gates
 Of Heav'n !—We hail thee our triumphant Lord ! !

Then flaming seraphs march'd across the skies,
 Tuning immortal Lyres to songs of light—
 "Peace and good will tow'rd men !" Archangels
 smil'd

On this new world, the birthplace of a GOD ! !

What tho' the pow'rs of Hell with Herod leagu'd
 In vain conspiracy—what tho' in heav'n,
 Yes, "there was war indeed"—the ancient cloud
 That veil'd the Jewish Altars was remov'd,
 And a Messiah's presence (fore-ordain'd)
 Proclaim'd deliv'rance to a captive world !

And oh ! that man—poor, poor unhappy man,
 The object of thy mission, should conspire
 With devils against man's deliv'rer ! but
 Offences needs must be to consummate
 Th' Eternal purpose—"Father forgive them, for
 They know not what they do !" Yon wilderness,
 (Where principalities and powers of darkness
 Arose in majesty of light assum'd,
 That erst had shaken the first Adam and

" Brought death into the world and all our woe !"
 Yon wilderness, the battle-field, where now
 The chief of fallen Angels came, array'd
 In all the artifice Hell could devise,
 To tempt the second Adam of our race,
 (Our high-exalted race, belov'd of Heav'n,)
 Bears witness of the mighty conquest !—There
 The subtle enemy of man was taught
 The great alliance between God and Man—
 The sov'reignty of Jesus,—and, confus'd
 Shrunk trembling back to the deep, dark abyss
 Of his eternal night : whilst, from on high,
 Celestial bands, rejoicing, hover'd round
 The Captain of their Hosts—then soar'd away,
 Heralds of the glad tidings, far beyond
 Stars, systems,—up t' the Paradise of God !

Oh, thou physician of the soul ! whose days
 On Earth were one undeviating scene
 Of Love and Mercy, whose supreme behest
 Call'd back e'n Death to life—life t' immortality—
 "*Teach me to die,*" that I *in death* may live with thee !

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

Whether with Fame thou dwell'st, or walk'st the
 lonely Grove,
 Hail, Love supreme !—hail ! matchless, bound-
 less love !
 But, oh ! thrice hail when from thy fairy isles,
 Thou com'st in Beauty's all resistless smiles !

For who a Boadicea could behold
 With eye indifferent and with heart as cold ?
 Who, in the sphere of such bright smiles, could move,
 And feel not all the Sov'reignty of Love ?

Did not the mighty Alexander own
 All due allegiance to Satyra's throne—
 Lay by his laurels for her smiles and prove,
 The great st Heroes yield to Sovereign Love !

Did not Mark Anthony forsake the field
 And to the bliss of Love's soft luxury yield—
 Sheath the bright sword of conquest for her charms,
 And sigh away his fame in Cleopatra's arms !

And did not Hannibal forgetful prove
 Of all his Hosts for Sophonisba's love ?
 Careless of glory, he was not ashamed
 To weep whene'er his Sophonisba blam'd !

In Rome's proud Legions, or the Grecian Band,
 Egypt's renown, or Sparta's warlike land—
 Princes and Potentates where'er we rove
 Yield to the peerless Majesty of Love !

Then, hail ! thou Love supreme !—hail ! matchless
 Love,
 Whether with Fame thou dwell'st, or in the rural
 grove—
 But, oh ! thrice hail, when from thy fairy Isles,
 Thou com'st attired in Beauty's all-resistless
 smiles !

OH GIVE ME A SCOTCHMAN FOREVER.

An Englishman's heart *once purchas'd* is true,
 'Twill never forsake you—no, never !
 But, if I'm forbid to share bosoms with two,
 Oh give me a Scotchman forever,
 —forever—
 Oh give me a Scotchman forever.

The Hibernian is warm when truth lights the flame,
 That warmth from his breast ne'er will sever :
 But, tho' dear to my soul is an Irishman's name,
 Oh give me a Scotchman forever, &c.

The Frenchman will twine with his compliments
 round
 Our hearts with such easy endeavour,
 But, tho' gay in his bright repartees he is found,
 Oh give me a Scotchman forever, &c.

Yet it is not that Scotchmen the precedence claim,
 The others are noble and clever ;
 But, such an old tie there lives in that name,
 Oh give me a Scotchman forever, &c.

They are true to their Country, and true to their
 King,
 They *ne'er did forget him*—no never,
 And their fame of old time be my muse as I sing
 Oh give me a Scotchman forever,
 —forever—
 Oh give me a Scotchman forever.

FRAGMENT.

Speak not above thy breath, lest Echo hear thee;
 The tell-tale nymph will run and blab it out
 To ev'ry stream that gossips thro' the vale,
 Ay, write it on the trees for sprites to read
 And tell it back again in dreams to Anna
 (That self-created Ægira of our fortunes.)

Speak not above thy breath; but, soft, *I love thee*,
 And I would barter ev'ry other hope
 In life to please thee!—Beauteous as thou art,
 And young and innocent, dost think, my love,
 That others' charms can rival thine? Oh, no!
 Not whilst the light of song delights to dwell
 In calm blue eyes or mingle with their lustre,
 Not whilst each sweet perfection is thine own—
 Lips 'twere no stoop for Angels e'en to kiss—
 Ringlets whose wild luxuriance floats adown
 A bosom spotless as 'tis beautiful;
 A symmetry of form that mocks the Graces,
 A voice, (oh, how shall I describe that voice!)
 That pauses in wild melody to hear
 The woods repeat the strain, in love with self,
So exquisite each tone! And, art thou mine,
 Thou fairest of Earth's fair? Forbear the answer—
 'Twould wake those roses from their peaceful
 slumber,
 Too holy to be disturb'd—I'll read thy soul
 Reflected in each look of love thou steal'st
 Half unobserv'd,—and, if some bold intruder

Break on our walk 'of contemplation, thou
 Wilt start affrighted from that fairy dream,
 And rush into my arms for sweet protection;
 Then, should'st thou weep, I'll wipe the tears away,
 And swear by each to love thee! But, yon Moon
 Retires behind the Western hills--she smiles

' Good night' upon our vows. The stars look dim
 With watching, and the night-dews fall around
 Our midnight bow'r--The mists are growing damp,
 And they may steal away thy bloom of health--
 I will not stay thee longer--Hie to thy rest;
 But in thy dreams, Myra, remember me!

" Good night! good night! good night! with
 such sweet sorrow,

" That I could say ' good night' till 'tis to-morrow!"

TO MYRA.

When from yon *Hall of mental toil*
 The laughing groups were starting,
 Well pleas'd to hear the ev'ning bell,
 As't chim'd the hour of parting.
 If, whilst I whisper'd the 'good night,'
 My childish warmth e'er mov'd thee;
 I gaz'd upon thy calm blue eye,
 And, oh! sincerely lov'd thee!

And when the look of riper years
 In silence was revealing,
 All that the timid blush of youth
 Was from my heart concealing;

What tho' impatiently the boy
 Oft ventur'd to reprove thee,
 One smile repaid whole days of care ;
 He bless'd that smile, and lov'd thee !

E'n now when others say his dreams
 Are far beyond the wildwood,
 He meets thee in fond fancy still,
 In visions bright of childhood.
 Then heed them not, tho' falsehood frown,
 And envious fate reproves thee ;
 For know, whatever storms may blight
 Our hopes--by Heav'n he loves thee !

AIR.

And are we then no longer what
We were in other years ?
 And has the last pale look of love
Forever set in tears ?
 Then broken be the wild control,
 But buried be each vow,
 Deep in the thoughts of either soul,
 Forever dark as now !

Yet hath remembrance left no shade
 Of earthly fault behind :
 We cannot look upon the past
 And dream of aught unkind.
 And tho' some fancied spirit breathes
 A coldness on that name,
 The world shall ever call us friends,
 But never more the same.

Should we e'er meet by hill or dale,
 Where once we gaily rov'd;
 Let not a hint of other years
 Tell we have ever lov'd.
 Cast not one "ling'ring look" behind,
 The wound too deeply lies;
 Let that which lives in either mind
 Be all our sacrifice.

This be the tomb of *fancied love*;
 But come not weeping here—
 No mourner shall bedew its wrong
 With a *mischievous tear*!
 Oh! let it be an Exile's grave,
 All comfortless and lone;
 When such lies reckless at our feet,
 Its name should be unknown.

The light fades from the Minstrel's Harp—
 The dream of youth is past—
 His sails are spread on Fortune's wave,
 Obedient to the blast.
 The broken vows of other years,
 No future song shall tell;
 Suffice to say *we are* no more,
 What *we have been*—farewell!

FRAGMENT.

I saw the greybeard, Time, go hobbling o'er
 The rubbish of a thousand ruin'd Empires,
 On his lone pilgrimage—and, as he past,
 Each footstep scallop'd out another grave!

He brush'd whole armies sideway with his wand,
 (As we would brush mosquitoes) and their Kings—
 Dear me, they were but insects in his way,
 Squirming like gnats do in old Ocean's jaws,
 When seas run mountain-high !

He breath'd upon the wat'ry element
 And shook it to its very basis so,
 The sunken islands started from their trance
 And rose upon the surface of the wave,
 To steal a peep at him ! The Mountains rock'd
 Until their dizzy heads grew sick and faint—
 'Twas an emetick on their gorged stomachs,
 And so they vomited whole streams of lava
 Upon th' affrighted plains !—He strode the heav'ns
 And shook th' electric fluid from the clouds—
 Ay, woke the thunders from their summer dream,
 Until the very poles quak'd :—then he laugh'd,
 And shook his with'red plume amid the storm—
 And lovers vows and Poet's Harp hung mute
 Over some breathless corse !—I saw a Host
 Of widow'd smiles and orphan loveliness
 And childless phrenzy that stood weeping round
 The pale imprint of Time's unsparing hand !

And, "tho' sometimes, each dreary pause be-
 tween,"

He smil'd a promise ; t'was but to deceive
 The credulous—t'was but the erring smile
 That leaves us comfortless in the same hour !

I saw him walk upon the verge of elements,
 And pause upon the brink, eternity—
 Then, with a giant howl, he plung'd adown
 The gloomy vacuum, and left the Bard
 Wrapt in prophetic dreams mid' ruin'd Worlds !!!

SONNET ON THE NUPTIALS OF ———

(Air—Life let us Cherish.)

Oh let us cherish
 Dreams that long have past us by—
 Friendship may perish,
 But love can never die !
 Tho' to another I resign—
 Tho' Stranger-lips are prest to thine—
 Their sweet perfume,
 In love's first bloom,
 And warmth of youth were mine, love—
 Then, oh, let us cherish, &c.

Can'st thou forget, love,
 Moonlight hours of other years ;
 When smiling, we met, love,
 And parted bath'd in tears—
 When I with lover's ardor prest,
 And thou would'st grant the fond request,
 When smiles and sighs—
 A sacrifice—
 Meet for the gods was mine, love !
 Then, oh, let us cherish, &c.

Perchance thou art bound love
 To a heart as warm as mine—
 I too have found, love,
 Lips as sweet as thine !
 Then let us part as friends should do,
 One last embrace, and then Adieu—
 You to your coy
 Old man—and I
 To her that's truly mine love—
 But, oh, let us cherish
 Dreams that long have past us by—
 Friendship may perish ;
 But love can never die !!!

WHAT IS THOUGHT ?

When this World's varied scenes
 Cease t' intrude upon us, and the hour
 Of Midnight aids the meditative muse,—
 Shut out from man—how awful !—how sublime !
 To converse hold within, and ask the mind's
Deep mystery ! What is Thought ?--That near allied
 To formless infinite—that undefin'd
 Philosophy of souls—th' immortal part
 Which raises us to that proud eminence
 So very like to gods !

To think--to be
 Eternal !--to launch far beyond the depth
 Of chaos, or to walk among the stars,
 And tempt the passage-dread from world to world,

Until we reach the very *Heav'n of heav'ns*
 And bow before the *everlasting Throne*,
 Where sits the *Sovereign of Eternity* !

Then, what is thought ?--or human, or divine ?
 Or man, or god ?--or neither ?--part of each ?
 But *devils* think, and thus consummate hell
 With sad reality of thoughts unutterable !

'Tis *here*--'tis *there*--'tis *everywhere* !--A pow'r,
 That leads us thro' *immensity*--But now,
 I scaled the chrystal walls of heav'n--anon,
 Look'd into Milton's "darkness visible,"
 And, lo ! I'm here again !--

Then, what is thought ?
 Not omnipresent ; for it cannot be
 Present alike in all !--But, why aspire
 To questions that perchance an Angel mind
 Could not devolve---Suffice to say that thought,
Mocks its own-self, to comprehend at all !!!

AIR.

Tell me fair Orb so enchanting the Night,
 Where does my Julia keep holy thy light ?
 Sacred to Bards and their loves is the hour--
 Where then, oh ! where is her whispering Bow'r ?
 Voices of echoing woodlands she loves--
 Calm be the light that hangs over your groves !
 Fragrant the dew-drops your roses distil !
 Peaceful the dream of each murmuring rill !

Gales, as ye pass where her mem'ry retires,
 Bear her the sighs of that Harp she admires !
 Tell her its Minstrel is wand'ring alone—
 Tell her our thoughts sweetly mingle in one !

Cottage of bliss, by the wave of repose,
 Where the wild-flow'r of the wilderness grows--
 When shall I visit your peaceful domain,
 Happy, thrice happy with Julia again !

SONG.

Here's to the sons of old Ocean,
 Tho' absent from us, and afar--
 And *silent-contempt* be his portion
 That wo'nt quaff the health of a tar !
 Each child of misfortune's his friend--
 He's ready to give or to lend--
 His bosom beats high with the lover's de-
 votion--
 'Tis faithful in pledge to the end !

Here's to each true-hearted Briton,
 That e'er fac'd undaunted the storm ;
 For the name of a Sailor was written
 The first on the page of Reform !
 Let them wander the wide world thro'--
 They still keep the compass in view,
 Which points to *that* charter where Freedom is
 written
 By *William*--the King of *true blue* !

FRAGMENT.

On the lone shore the Minstrel musing sat,
 Pleas'd with the song of Nature, for she tun'd
 Her "Harp of Ages" to the Moonlight hour!

The voice of waves—the distant dash of oars—
 The minstrelsy of groves, and all the sweet
 Variety of these together join'd
 Swell'd in the whispering breeze!—Oh t'was an
 hour

Pregnant with pleasing and instructive thought—
 Of "imagery from the realms of bliss,"
 An hour of silent awe!—Bright Hosts of Stars
 And planetary worlds look'd smiling down
 Upon old Night, and crown'd her pensive brow
 With wreaths of mildest lustre—farther still,
 Systems unknown parade the milky-way,
 Leaving one flood of grandeur in their train
 Along th' immensity;—whilst, in the North,
 Ghosts of our Fathers, robed in deathly grandeur,
 Walk'd thro' the heav'ns—(for thus the Indian
 Bards

Lean'd o'er their Lyres amid the wilderness
 And, wrapt in dreams of ages, wildly sung.)

Oh! could I boast a Milton's sacred touch
 T' awake the chords of Paradise, I'd give
 The live-long night with joy to themes divine!

But, ah! abash'd with reverential awe,
 My youthful muse recedes; nor dares to tempt
 The boundless flight: else on glad pinions she

Should soar beyond the flaming comets' bounds
And bow her at the Sov'reign Throne of God !

Friends of my youth, to you I dedicate
The midnight song—in retrospect of years
Fond memory seeks a wildness of repose
Of sweetly soothing sadness—'tis the boon
Of Minstrels, Fate herself cannot deny !

* * * * *

But, ah ? what means that damp sepulchral look ?
That winding-sheet about thy wither'd form
So wildly thrown ?—and what the long-drawn page
Of broken-loves and smiles dissolv'd in tears,
Thou holdest in thy hand ?—Where hast thou been
Thou pale unbury'd *Spirit of the past*
That thou thus com'st at midnight to my soul
In troubled fancy ?—Bringest thou reproach
In these deep hollow murmurs of the wind ?

Why point so mournfully to yonder hill,
As if the names that sleep there were forgotten ?
Say—are they not at rest ?—if not, who are ?
The summer-sun smiles full as sweetly there—
And tho' the wintry blast howls round their heads,
They slumber on—still heedless of its voice !

“ If dreams infest the grave,” what visions bright
Must soothe away the gloom that shadow's Death's
Deep mysteries from man—and, if *those dreams*
Inspired are by Guardian Angels, Oh !
Who would not for such visions bless the grave !

Farewell, pale Speetre !—but thy kind reproof
 Shall be preserv'd inviolate—I know
 Full well what thou would'st here communicate—
 Farewell ! but do not fail to call again !

Ah me ! here comes my friend Othario,—
 His countenance *too* is wan ; as if the past
 Had held communion with his Spirit likewise—
 Perchance it has—what news ? what news, Othario ?
 “ Go read yon tomb-stone—that will tell thee all ! ! ! ”
 This is the spot ! peace to this blushing rose,
 Sacred to the repose of innocence !
 Who slumbers here ?—*Amelia* ?—Oh, how late,—
 How very late, I saw her smile, and thought
 If there was loveliness on earth—*I was there !*
 Is this the consummation of thy hopes ?
 Is this thy promis'd Bride, Othario ?
 ‘ *Death stood before the Altar, and preferr'd*
 ‘ *His claim—beneath this sod, their bridal bed !* ’—

THE MINSTREL'S EXCUSE FOR HIS SILENCE.

Reproach me not with absence, love
 Oh ! be the fault forgiven—
 What heart would not be overaw'd
 So near its native heaven ?

Others with thoughtless homage kneel
 And speak the wild confession ;
 But souls of sensibility
 May never find expression !

Can'st thou not read each look of love
That truth expressive kindles,
When all that eloquence could say
To dubious flatt'ry dwindles.

Oh ! let me gaze intent on what
Thy pensive smile discloses,
Nor pause to light my song with the
Soft lustre of those roses.

Tho' calm the light on Beauty's cheek—
Tho' ev'ry charm attend her ;
One look, reflecting dreams like thine,
Eclipses all their splendour !

Then, lost in contemplation still,
No frowns of fate dis sever—
Soul meeting soul in silent thought
Shall *vow to love forever ! !*

TO ELIZA.

Tho' days and months and years are past
Since last we fondly met,
Oh ! deem not for one moment, love,
Thy William could forget—
Nor speak thou so reproachfully—
If ever heart was true,
Tis' the proud heart he early gave
To you, my love, to you !

Who cull'd each flow'r with trembling hand
And many a silent vow,
To wreath a garland to adorn
The splendor of thy brow ?

Who came with roses pure and white
 Hoping thou would'st approve
 His pledge of rural innocence—
 His pledge of rural love?

They tell me now those roses lie
 Eliza's feet beneath,
 And that they are succeeded by
 A brighter, gayer wreath,
 But could they read Eliza's soul,—
 Her warmest thoughts divine;
 I am persuaded still they'd find
 Them closely link'd with mine!

Then tho' ten thousand fears arise
 To wound my bosom's pride,
 The young—the wildly beautiful,
 Is still—is still my Bride!
 And I, tho' Fortune frown the while
 Am constant, warm and true—
 I only 'wait Eliza's smile
 To make me blest—adieu!

WHAT IS'T TO DREAM?

What is't to dream?—'tis a strange void in nature;
 When the soul wanders from her prison-house,
 And walks in all her majesty abroad—
 Perchance to other worlds—and dreams of things
 Impossible to man!—What is't to dream?
 'Tis' when our mortal sight is clos'd in sleep—
 Still we can hear and see—strange mysteries!

The past and future mingling into one,
 Alike are present to the spiritual eye,—
 How Godlike !—and we dream of things *to be*
 Of which our waking thoughts are ignorant ?
 Sure proof that man's immortal !—if the soul
 May still retain this godlike attribute
 When its poor clay in temporary death
 Lies slumbering ;—why cease to be
 Void of its form, when it has gone for aye
 To its long home—the grave ?—‘ *To sleep*’ is but
 A Type of death—the immortality
 Of man shall still exist, and know no end—
 “ Unhurt amid the war of elements—
 “ The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds ! ! ! ”

WHAT IS'T TO SPEAK ?

To speak—t' express the musings of the spirit—
 To write them down upon another's mind
 In characters invisible, yet legible—

To speak—to comprehend—yet nothing see
 And nothing feel !—How wonderful ! how vast !
 A *magic wand*, yet so replete with wisdom,
 Lets loose the thoughts, and calls them into being,—
 Here—and then gone forever !—still retain'd
 In that strange *storehouse of the soul*—man's *me-*
mory—
 And conjur'd up again at will !

Our voice,—what is it?—whither has it sped,
With all the nameless multitude of things,
Which it has told aforetime to the world?—
If the recording angel has been with them,
What witness of the past then have they borne?
And must we recognize that catalogue
At the great day of retribution?—Oh!
How shall we blush to meet the self-accusers!

To speak is then a dangerous thing to man,
If not with caution;—for *one hour* may write
More on the *deep-dy'd page of Time*, than a
Long—long *eternity* can e'er blot out!

AIR.

Adieu, adieu, adieu love,—the night is waning
fast—
The hollow winds blow from the hills—the sky is
overcast—
And clouds of storm are gath'ring round the west
in dark array;
Yet, ere the morning dawn, love, I must be far
away!

Adieu, adieu, adieu, love—beautiful as thou art—
How blissful 'tis to meet, love, how exquisite to
part!

Then never let the tears that so profusely fall to-
day
Darken the smiles of morrow, love, when I am far
away!

HOW CALM, &c.

How calm when the toils of the day are done,
 On dreams of eternity musing,
 To watch the pale beams of the sinking Sun,
 On the clear blue billow reposing—

And to think that thus shall the Spirit depart,
 Unmov'd by the last gloomy warning,
 To set 'mid the clouds of the night of the grave
 Ere it rise to preside o'er the morning !

Yon Sun, dimm'd with age, soon forgetting to
 rise,
 The stars and the planets shall sever ;—
 But, more happy—more beauteous—more glo-
 rious shall dawn
 That Spirit forever and ever !!!

 LINES,

*Written the night preceding the Author's departure from
 Lansdale Cottage, (Sussex Vale,) in 1830.*

Far in the depths of Lansdale's Forests wide,
 The lov'd retreat of Echo's plaintive voice ;—
 Where whispering wave tall elms on ev'ry side—
 There stands the Cottage of the Lady's choice !

Along its front, all spangled o'er with dew,
 A smiling vale in rich perspective lies,
 And shining flocks and herds delight the view,
 Reposing calm 'neath Summer's blushing skies—

Those fragrant pastures beauteous streamlets lave,
 Whilst snow-white lambkins sweetly graze
 around ;

Or, laughing, stoop to kiss the limpid wave,
 Or, pleas'd, stand list'ning to its bubbling sound.

Around the Cottage-walls wild flow'rets bloom,
 Mid clust'ring roses, beautiful and fair—
 In pleasing contrast with th' surrounding gloom ;
Methinks the Muses walk in grandeur there !

Thy mountains, Lansdale, whether in vernal
 pride

Their soft luxuriant foliage smiles ; or, when
 Th' Autumnal blast spreads desolation wide,
 And scatter'd leaves bestrew the silent glen ;—

Or, crown'd with hoary wreaths, they seem to
 stand

Laughing amid the storm ; whilst from their
 gloom

Of *with'red garlands* march the rude winds and
 Touch the wild Harp of Winter o'er their
 tomb—

Relics of ages past, thou'rt to my soul,
 More dear than bright parteeres of other lands—
 The *music of those winds* have deep control
 Forbid'n the proudest swell 'f Italia's Bands !

Ev'n the Night-Bird as she muffled sits
 Embowered amid the turrets of yon tow'r,*

* A pine of colossal stature.

And spells its shades with dissonance—or
flits

Along the glade with hurry'd cry—
To chain the mind in deep suspense—expressive
of the hour!

And, oh! thrice dear thou spot, sacred to truth,
Where I, in happier years, was wont t' retire,
In all the warm simplicity of youth,—
When all my pride centr'd in this desire
To sit beneath thy shade, and woo my infant
lyre!

Sweet Bow'r, (where in the holy calm of ev'n)
My thoughts have often soar'd from thee to
heav'n!

Thou lov'd retirement of my youthful years,
Alike the solace of my smiles and tears—
A long adieu!—perhaps the last t'will be,
My throbbing heart shall ever give to thee!

When from thy shades the soul of music breathes—
When pensive moonbeams climb these rosy
wreaths—

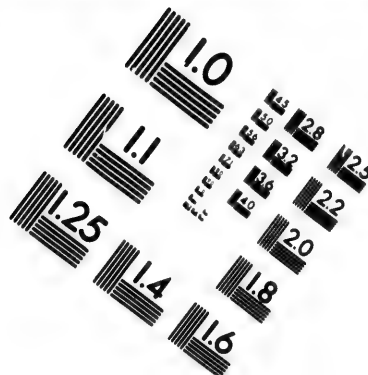
When dew-drops slumber on each sacred flow'r—
And Beauty smiles on thee, Elysian Bow'r—

Remember! tho' in other lands I roam,
Thou still shalt be my bosom's dearest home!

Here let my Lyre sigh away its last number,
When the quiver of death on my pale lip
appears;—

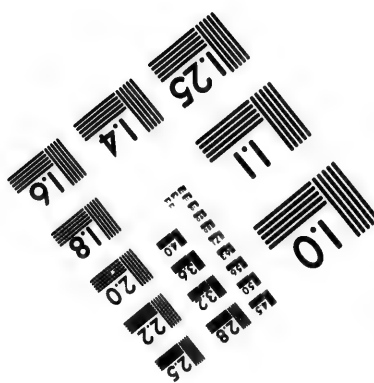
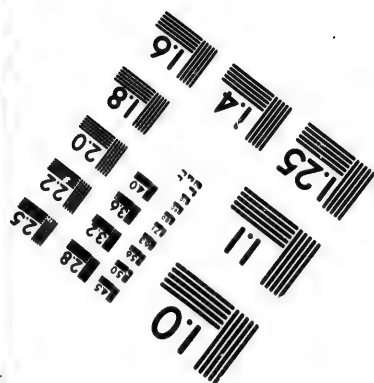
Here let this mortal lie down in its slumber
Of Time, when the soul is let loose from its
cares!





A resolution test chart featuring several groups of horizontal and vertical lines of varying thicknesses. Each group is accompanied by a numerical value indicating its resolution. The values include 1.0, 1.1, 1.25, 1.4, 1.6, 1.8, 2.0, 2.2, 2.5, 2.8, 3.2, 3.6, 4.0, 4.5, 5.0, 5.6, 6.3, 7.1, 8.0, 9.0, and 10.0. The chart is used to measure the resolving power of imaging systems.

6"



Photographic Sciences Corporation

**23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503**

18
20
22
25
28
32
36
40
45
50
56
63
71
80
90
100

10
01

The waning moon proclaims approaching hours
 When I must leave these scenes, for those less
 dear ;—
 Ye hills—ye vales—ye rocks—ye streams—ye
 flow'rs,—
 Farewell—farewell !—my soul, oft ling'ring near,
 Shall meet the *Muse of Lansdale* in fond fancy
 here !

TO A YOUNG LADY,

On perusing her satirical description of modern Love.

Compare not that godlike passion to "flow'rs"—
 Nor tell me it dies whilst the soul endures—
 The "blossom may fade" from the "Summer
 Bow'rs ;"
 But never—no, never can charms like yours !

'Tis' not those tresses of auburn hue,
 The lustre that beams from thy dark blue eye,
 Nor thy graceful form so enchanting to view,
 That gives this proud swell to my minstrelsy—

Altho' unrivall'd thou stand'st among
 Thy Sister Beauties—those charms we find
 Are the burden of thrice ten thousand songs—
 Be this inserib'd to an Angel mind !

Dumb be the Muse that only sings
 Of "flow'rs" that fade with the "wind's con-
 trol"—
 But high be the off'ring the Minstrel brings
 To the *Altar of Love* for *Beauty's soul* !

THE MINSTREL TO HIS SHADOW.

What is't—at midnight, coming like
 Some ghost of other time?
 Whose eyes are fix'd, in troubled thought,
 So tenderly on mine?

What art thou—*being beingless*—
 'Thou *disembodied shade*—
 Mysterious *form of nothingness*—
 Nor *living*—nor yet *dead*!

Whence bringest thou that countenance,
 So very like mine own?
 Art thou my soul; or, art thou but
 Her shadow—*here*—and *gone*?

And are those musings all thine own,
 Imprinted on thy brow;—
 For thy pale look bespeaks all—all—
 That I can dream of now!

And, if thou can'st reflect each look,
 Why not reflect each thought?
 Part of *myself*—thrice strange to view—
 A *something*—*spirit*—*nought*!

Say, where thou wast e'er I was known—
 What semblance then you gave—
 And whither wilt thou go, when I
 Am slumbering in the grave?

And shall we meet again when I
 Resume this godlike breath,

And rise to immortality,
 Bursting the bars of Death ?

Oh then may thou no longer be
 A shade, as now thou art ;—
 Be thou a pure ethereal flame—
 We'll never—never part !



THE LIGHT FADES FROM THE SUMMER
 SKIES, &c.

The light fades from the Summer skies,
 And mingling shades of even
 Round the hush'd vale like mists arise,
 And streamlet falls, and zephyr sighs,
 In distant dreams of heaven !

Peacefully sinks each dying h,
 In moonlight pale reposing :—
 Thus may I close my eyes beneath
 The mists that cloud the couch of death,
 And smile when life is closing—

That when the morn-celestial dawns,
 And Heav'n and Earth are blending—
 My soul shall soar above this earth
 To visions of immortal birth—
 On its bright beams ascending !

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Be hush'd ye sounds of mirth—sleep songs of joy,
 Whilst I rehearse the hapless minstrel boy !
 A mother's voice once sooth'd his soul to rest,
 And fond caresses warm'd his youthful breast ;
 But, ah ! how chang'd !—cold strangers greet him
 now,
 Whilst care and sorrow frown upon his brow !

Roving in foreign lands, where not a smile
 Tells the dear memory of his own green isle,
 Oft have I mark'd him in that silent hour,
 When midnight winds howl and the dark skies low'r,
 All sad and pensive sit him down beneath
 Some old dismantled tree and wish for death !

He sought a friend—but long he sought in vain ;
 False hearts deceiv'd him, and he wept again ;
 Until the fair Amelia's worth he knew—
 She saw and pitied—and she lov'd him too !

She was an Angel ! but the hand of woe
 Had blanch'd the roses from her youthful brow—
 Still was she lovely—from her dark blue eye
 Devotion's soul in solemn majesty
 Expressive beam'd !
 Her parents slept beneath the church-yard gloom—
 Their spirits found one heav'n—their mortal part one
 tomb !

What pitying Angel could refuse the tear,
 To see the fair Amelia leaning here

All friendless and heart-broken—wild with fears—
The live-long night in countless sighs and tears !

One eve, when all was still, save the tall trees,
That whisper'd tales of woe to ev'ry breeze,
Amelia sought the well known path and wept
O'er the pale forms which there unheeding slept—
And, as she strew'd along the sacred spot,
Amid the moonbeam wreaths, all cold and pale—
Water'd with tears the flow'r " Forget me not,"
A plaintive voice came wafting in the gale—
She paus'd to listen, and she wish'd to know
Its author, for it was the song of woe !

SONG.

Hard is the fate of him who roves forlorn,
The sport of winds—bereft of ev'ry joy ;
The gay may taste the gladness of the morn—
Tears are the banquet of the Minstrel Boy.

Vainly the pale moon smiles upon the scene,
And distant voices chaunt their songs of joy ;
The thoughts of other days still intervene,
Still cloud with woe the lonely Minstrel Boy.

Ah ! who can tell the anguish of his soul,
Or, who can count the fears his breast annoy ;
Each countenance he meets is strange, and cold
Each smile that greets the hapless Minstrel Boy.

Amelia sigh'd, and pity'd the unknown,—
She sigh'd that other's woes were like her own.

Now from a wild path, dark with o'ergrown grass,
A lone intruder slowly sought the place—

She saw and quickly turn'd with confus'd mind,
But left "one longing, ling'ring look behind!"

The same sweet voice now sung another strain,
Amelia paus'd, and lent a breathless ear again—

'Fair form that givest to the silent night,
Unusual grandeur—all enrob'd in white!
Art thou the Angel of some sacred dust,
Pillow'd in death within this cheerless gloom;
And dost thou flee the wretched?—witness first
The dreadful deed that stains thy holy tomb!'

The fatal steel half pois'd and one short pray'r,
Dy'd on the whispers of the midnight air!

'Hold!' cry'd the fair one, 'Hold, desponding
man!'

And thro' the vale the distant echo ran—

'I too am mortal!'—'I too know the great,
The firm decrees of all relentless fate!
Beneath this turfy mould my parents lie,
And I too am the child of misery!
But know, rash man, 'tis the Eternal's will,
Tho' ev'ry hope hath fled, "Thou shalt not kill!"

The pale unalter'd form stood void and drear,
But check'd its guilty hand in mad career!

He told his hapless tale in language brief,
And gushing torrents brought his soul relief—
'Live!' cry'd the fair one, 'tho' thy woes may be,
Ten thousand thousand—live, oh live for me!'

'God pity thee, sweet Angel—be thy joy—
 Thou hast reclaim'd the wand'ring minstrel boy !'
 Thus spake the youth, and round his pale lip play'd
 A smile—it spake the mandate all obey'd.

He ceas'd—she hurry'd from the vale of tears,
 And left the stranger lost 'twixt hopes and fears.
 A feeble ray of future happiness
 Sooth'd his sad soul to momentary rest,
 For all subduing love had kindled in his breast !

Oh, 'tis divine—'tis heav'n on earth to know,
 When mutual bosoms share each other's woe !
 (Let not the stern philosopher disdain,
 The humble language of the youthful swain :
 My untaught muse pursues her early choice,
 And yields obedience but to Nature's voice.

Some months elaps'd, and each succeeding night
 He sought his fair deliv'rer—but her flight
 Had been o'er hill and dale—he knew not where ;
 Still he remember'd her in silent pray'r,
 And oft he bless'd her memory—for all his soul
 was there !

One eve, as pensive wandering on the shore,
 Watching the dark waves' wild tumultuous roar,
 He heard a shriek—it was the cry of death
 Assail'd his ear, with deeply smother'd breath !

Swift as the winds his noble heart obey'd
 The mournful summons —————

Lo ! a hapless maid
Lay weltering there, and midnight ruffians round
Exulting stood, and with dire curses shook the
ground !

He sprang revengeful--see, their chief lies low,
And panic chills the demon-hearted foe.

He rais'd the suff'rer—a pale featur'd smile
Play'd sweetly round her deathly lips the while—
Oh God ! it was the lov'd Amelia's smile !
Now o'er her bleeding breast the white moon throws
A pitying ray—while fast the crimson torrent flows !

' Angel ! ' he cry'd, ' thou who first gave relief
To this unworthy heart, long lost in grief,
Remember, fair divine, I liv'd for thee,
Ope those sweet eyes and now oh live for me !

Then to a neighbouring cot he quick repairs,
Laden with the fair charge and wild distracting fears !

Long time she linger'd—long her fever'd cheek
Forbad her tender longing heart to speak :
At length the work is finish'd—low beneath
The cheerless sod Amelia sleeps in death !

Too much for reason—wild with maniac pain
The friendless wand'rer traverses the main.

Now in a forlorn cave, far on a desert shore,
The minstrel boy nor smiles nor slumbers more,
His unstrung harp lies silent, and his mind
Is like the stormy wildness of the wind ! ! !

SONG.

Lassie of the highland robe,
 A stranger tho' thou art—
 I know th' escutcheon's that thou wear'st
 Upon this "diamond heart"—
 For from the Chiefs of other years
 They tell me thou has come—
 Then, Lassie of the highland robe,
 Make this warm heart thy home !

Lassie of the highland robe,
 The splendor of thine eye—
 The tearful smile—the pensive look
 Of exil'd Majesty,
 Recalls the story of thy birth
 From its illustrious gloom—
 Then, Lassie of the highland-robe
 Make this warm heart thy home !

Lassie of the Highland robe,
 They say that Fortune's frown
 Pursu'd thy Father's warlike fame
 And tore their Castles down !
 No golden pomp have I to give,
 Nor Halls, nor Princely Dome ;
 But, Lassie of the Highland robe,
 Oh make this heart thy home !

Lassie of the Highland robe
 Perchance some happier youth
 Awaits thee in thy native land
 With innocence and truth—

If thou art free as beautiful,
Oh then no longer roam—
But, Lassie of the Highland robe,
Make this fond heart thy home !

Lassie of the Highland robe
My Fathers fought with thine,
And for the same "gude cause" they blead
At fatal Culloden—
Thou know'st what may not be reveal'd—
Oh then, no longer roam—
But, Lassie of the Highland robe,
Come, make this heart thy home !

Lassie of the Highland robe
They never stoop'd to yield;
But, overwhelm'd with numbers left
The dearly purchas'd field—
Hast thou not heard the tale of yore?
Then o'er their fancy'd tomb,
Come, Lassie of the Highland robe,
And make this heart thy home !

Lassie of the Highland robe,
Think where our Fathers' stood—
Their Banners floating in the breeze,
Deep dy'd with Heroes' blood—
Then if thou hast a kindred soul,
Come, Highland lassie, come,
And, sighing o'er their memory,
Make this warm heart thy home !

Lassie of the Highland robe,
Methinks I hear the call—

Their bugles sounding o'er the hills
 Thro' many a ruin'd Hall—
 But, ah ! remembrance soon returns
 Amid the rayless gloom—
 Then, lassie of the Highland robe,
 Make this fond heart thy home !

Lassie of the Highland robe,
 A deep sequester'd grove,
 A humble cottage, and a heart
 Made happy by thy love—
 These are the only gifts I bring
 With the wild rose's bloom—
 But, Lassie of the Highland robe,
 Come ! make that heart thy home ?

ORLANDO.

Mors ultima linea rerum est.—(HOR.)

Wild was the clash of chivalry
 That echo from the heath,
 And loud was the din of the battle cry
 Of vict'ry and of death !
 Until the waning voice of war
 Dy'd on the whispering winds afar !

And there Orlando's lov'd one came,
 And with bursting bosom found him,
 For he lay on the gory couch of fame,
 With his battle-flag wrapt round him—
 All void and drear the maiden stood,
 And wildly gaz'd on the field of blood !

The morning smil'd, and a sable slave
 To worms of the earth allied him ;—
 He slumber's in a soldier's grave,
 With his Harriet pale beside him ;
 But their mutual ghosts thro' the heav'n's rove,
 In starry paths of bliss and love !



HOW SINKS THE HEART.

How sinks the heart—what sorrow intervenes,
 When the pale sun of life grows dim with age !
 Oh Mirth ! oh Splendor ! can thy joyous scenes,
 The trembling soul with wonted pow'r assuage,
 Or still those inward wars which doubt and horror
 wage ?

Ah no ! in vain we court thy fleeting smiles—
 Toss'd on the stormy billows of the mind,
 Too late we find that thy seductive wiles—
 But light to darkness—and thy votaries blind,
 Grope down the vault of death to hungry worms
 consign'd !

Hail Solitude ! with thee would I recline
 At ev'ning hour in some sequester'd grove,
 Whilst slumbers mild, inspir'd with dreams divine,
 By guardian Angels, teach my soul to rove
 Thro' starry paths of bliss and worlds of endless
 love !

WHAT IS DEATH?

What is Death—that it should steal unseen
The soul away, and leave the man bereft
Of all his boasted pow'rs—so cold and pale!

Say, thou that lov'st to revel on the sighs
Of parting friends—to prey upon the rose
Of innocence—to break the young warm heart—
To lop the warrior—to seal the lips
Of eloquence—to rifle age—and blot
Us out of poor existence, one by one—
Insatiate, tho' of Earth's best off'rings, thou
Art hourly gluttet—what art thou, oh Death?

Com'st thou with touch etherial to our senses,
Sealing our eyelids down with thy pale spell,
Sudden and sure as fore-ordain'd of God?
Or dost thou aim where chance directs the blow,
In revelry of dark voluptuousness,
T' appease the hollow murmurs of the grave?

Where dost thou dwell oh Death?—where is thy
hiding place?
Unseen, yet felt, and known!—Hast thou a form?
If so, how terrible that form must be!
Art thou a thing of time; or, had'st thou being
Before time was?—did'st thou receive thy mission
When Satan fell—art thou a portion of
Th' Almighty vengeance which pursued that fall
Down to th' impenetrable depths of hell?
Or, art thou but the struggling of the soul,

That, flying, leaves a vacuum behind—
Leaves a mere effigy of man—inanimate!

Oh that my reason may not flag when I
Feel thy cold touch—that I may find thee out,
And learn the mystery :—yet thou shalt be
But momentary victor ! know that I
Boast part of the divinity, and shall mount
Triumphant o'er thee, Monster of the grave !
Shall live in immortality when thou
Art swallow'd up forever ! ! !



TO DARKNESS.

(A Fragment.)

Darkness ! what art thou?—Parent of Horror,
who
Wrapt up in thine own self did'st brooding sit
On the deep gulf of chaos, and 'mid shades
Impenetrable, dream Time into Being !

Thrice awful thou, Antient of gloomy night ?
When o'er the wide expanse thy couch was spread,
And all things slept within its curtain'd womb,
Lock'd up in thy strange mysteries :—for Light
Had not yet cross'd the boundaries and walk'd
Thy wilderness domain !—nor suns, nor stars,
Nor systems yet were known ;—but one vast void
Floated along those regions, and *no ray*
Prophetic told of worlds on worlds *to be* !

But, tho' whate'er eternity thou'dst known,
 Thou hast a Ruler—the Almighty spake—
 And the omnipotent command awoke
Thee from thy sleep of ages—thou did'st start,
 Gath'ring thy coil of Night about thee, and,
 Affrighted, left the birthplace of Creation !

Yet still, at stated periods thou may'st come,
Ex-Monarch of the wide-abys, and view
 Thy former Empire :—but, soon driven back
 To thy dark hiding-place, by that same “ God
 “ Of this new world—at whose sight all the stars
 “ Hide their diminish'd heads !”—Ev'n as the Sun
 Of Righteousness dispels the clouds of doubt
 From spiritual skies, with light ineffable !

In days of yore (as sacred legends tell)
 Thou cam'st in all thy baleful horrors clad
 And wav'd thy sceptre o'er th' Egyptian Land,
 Deeming that thou should'st reign again where erst
 Thou sat'st in panolpy of darkness crown'd !

But man—mere man, with outstretch'd arm ad-
 vanc'd—
 And, wrapt up in a cloud of thine own terrors,
 Thou did'st retire before the lov'd of God !

Demon of horror ! tho' I hate thy name,—
 I pity thee, when thou dost steal along
 The world with fearful step, as if thou had'st
 No resting-place—But ah ! the time shall be,
 Again thou wilt eclipse yon Orb of Day,
 And spread thy sable wings, and brood again

O'er ruin'd worlds !—What mighty changes then
Shall usher in a dispensation new,
I wist not ;—but, methinks, this spirit will
Yet mount above thy ruins, and look down,
And see no place in wide infinity
For thee to rest on—'till thou'rt blotted out
Of all existence, and not e'en a place
Be found to give thee burial !

TO A YOUNG LADY.

When thy gay companions speak,
The name that once was dear to thee ;
Say, doth it tinge thy Angel cheek,
With one spotless blush for me ?
Say, doth it tinge thy Angel cheek,
With one spotless blush for me ?

When in our youthful haunts you rove,
Strew'd with gifts of choicest roses,
And the hallow'd sigh of love,
On thoughts of other years reposes ;
Years, when I rang'd those groves with thee,
Then, oh then ! remember me !

When the world's gay voice is mute,
Sunk to rest with day's decline ;
When a happier Minstrel's flute,
Thrills with the song that once was mine :
Think, in that suppliant minstrelsy,
'Tis once-lov'd William calls on thee !

When the fragrant dew-drop falls
To kiss the mead where violets sleep;
And around thy cottage walls,
Pensive moonbeams palely creep—
Oh! should'st thou consecrate one tear to me,
Then—then, sweet girl, my soul shall be with
thee!

AMELIA SLUMBERS HERE.

Lift up thine head thou peerless flow'r,
Smile thro' that pensive heav'n-born tear;
For thou hast chos'n a holy spot—
Amelia slumbers here!

Smile, lovely sentinel of death,
While yet to smile is thine;
For soon shall Winter's icy breath
Too triumph o'er thy pale decline!

Then, who shall o'er this lonely grave
The tributary vigil keep;
Or who, with mingled thought, shall here
Delight to smile or love to weep!

SPRING.

Hail! blushing Nymph!—all Nature breathes
The gladness of thy reign!
Come with thy fragrant rosy wreaths,
To deck the vale again.

Come with thy whispering tales of love—
 The sweet—the hallow'd theme !
 And wake the songsters of the Grove,
 From their long wint'ry dream !

For tempests dark and wild have long
 Pass'd o'er thy once-gay bow'rs,
 And Birds of Night alone have sung
 Away the moonlight hours :

But now the woodlands shall rejoice,
 And Heav'n her smiles renew ;
 Whilst Echo bids with cheerful voice
 The wintry storms adieu !

SMILES OF LOVE.

Tenerorum lusor amorum.—(OVID.)

Where are Virtue's charms array'd
 Dwells she alone in courts above ?
 I oft have seen the bashful maid,
 Blushing in the smiles of love.

Doth Hope enjoy her flitting dance,
 Wild as the flaming comets rove ?
 I oft have caught her magic glance,
 Sparkling in the smiles of love !

Doth Joy the paths of Earth contemn—
 In brighter spheres delight to move ?
 Oh no ! I've found the precious gem,
 Dazzling mid the smiles of love.

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

There was a thrill of sympathy
That made our souls as one,
When the warrior bent his iron knee
T' embrace his fallen son.

Not a sound of grief escap'd his breast,
Not a tear his sorrows told;
But silence more than words expres't
The anguish of his soul.

He rose, and with a feverish eye
Survey'd the setting sun;
The noise of battle had died away,
And the chieftain stood alone.

Then clasp'd to his dying breast the boy—
Pale—pale the warrior lay;
With the ghosts of their fathers now they rove
Beyond the Star of Day.

A SIMILE.

MORNING.

Now from the Eastern gates morning draws nigh!
Blushing in loveliness the Goddess comes!
She waves her sunbeam-tresses thro' the sky,
And night abash'd, low bends to earth and swoons,
Whilst Splendor laughing rides o'er fainting stars
and moons!

Thus, youth advances, rob'd in cheerfulness,
 Strewing ten thousand smiles around her paths ;
 Her dreams are all of hope, of love, and bliss,
 Her laughing temples deck'd with rosy wreaths,
 And wrinkled care looks pale where'er the Goddess
 breathes !

NOON.

In noonday grandeur, lo ! enthron'd on high,
 Yon Star looks down with parching ray upon
 The fainting vale—afar, an angry sky
 Approaching, soon shall veil the glorious one,
 And thou shalt hide thy face mid clouds of storm
 oh Sun !

Thus manhood, consummate in worldly lore,
 Perchance in wealth and fame, with love elate—
 Beams for awhile—but tempests passing o'er
 His troubled mind—wrapt in the clouds of fate,
 Now Horror fills the throne where Triumph sat
 of late !

EVENING.

Lo ! from the verge of yonder western sky,
 The sinking sun looks back with pensive gaze ;
 Yet, as with sorrowing smile he bids " good-bye,"
 A holy grandeur lights those dying rays—
 Is it not Hope that beams so sweetly in his face ?

Thus may the Pilgrim, tott'ring on the verge
 Of life, look back and smiling bid farewell !
 'Tis Hope—assures his spirit shall immerge
 From dreams of darkness and Death's icy spell—
 Riding triumphant o'er the shades of death and
 hell ! ! !

A COMPARISON.

A maiden of some fifteen summer's bloom
 Liv'd in a vale remote from war's alarms ;
 She oft would weep e'en o'er a stranger's tomb—
 And blushing Pity look'd amid her charms,
 Too tender e'er to stray from a fond parent's arms !

Consumption came with pale but hectic glow,
 And Death soon ravag'd o'er the beauteous spoil—
 Did fear, did trembling mark the hour ?—oh no—
 She bade adieu to earth—ling'ring awhile—
 Then wing'd her way to heav'n with sweet and
 holy smile !

What Pow'r sustains us in that dreadful hour,
 When the dark spirit of the grave ascends,
 To seal our eyelids with gigantic pow'r ?
 Oh ! is it earth's magnificence that lends
 Such blest immortal visions to departing friends ?

I heard of one fearless of danger—fame
 And youth and beauty flush'd upon his brow—
 Ten thousand hung with raptures o'er his name,
 And bow'd the knee in admiration low ;
 For he had rode triumphant o'er his country's foe !

Elate with worldly fame and worldly love,
 Dreams of futurity the Hero scorn'd—
 His only wish, the passing hours t' improve
 In mirth and revelry !—Alas ! he spurn'd
 The inward voice that oft his sins and follies
 warn'd !

He lay the victim of the bed of death,
 His pale lip quiv'ring with convulsions dire,
 And oft he shrunk aghast, with hurried breath,
 Fearful of an offended Saviour's ire,
 And wildly talk'd of hell and hell's eternal fire !

Ah ! what avails him now, his steel nerv'd arm ?
 Mark with what agonies his heart-strings burst !
 (Unlike that maiden, who serene and calm,
 Look'd up to Heav'n.) Hope leaves him in disgust,
 And the last frown of life speaks him in death
 accurst !

POTOWSKI.

" Vita nihil aliud quam ad mortem iter est ! "

O'er thy pale corse warrior now,
 Mildly beams the evening star—
 Yet, upon thy wrinkled brow,
 Darkly sits the frown of war !

Beside thy blood-stain'd tomahawk,
 Rest, warrior, on the silent plain ;
 But thy Spirit's mountain-walk
 Is with ghosts of thousands thou hast slain !

* * * * *

No friend of his youth shall o'er him weep,
 No stone shall tell his sleeping name,
 No battle-sound disturbs his sleep—
 He rests on the gory couch of fame !

SONG.

(AIR TO BRUCE'S ADDRESS.)

Patriots of a fallen land !
 Forward come with sword in hand !
 Make your last victorious stand,
 And burst the bands of slavery !

Countless numbers shall oppose,
 Mighty squadrons round you close ;
 But, what are Poland's tyrant foes,
 To Poland's native chivalry !

See your Standard proudly waves
 O'er ten thousand gory graves—
 No longer shall your sons be slaves—
 Onward march to liberty !

Sound my lyre, the Hero's meed,
 Tyrants fall and Tyrants bleed—
 Sound victorious Poland freed !
 Sound the swell of victory !

 CEASE MY LYRE.

Cease my Lyre, oh ! cease from waking
 Visions that with years are past ;
 For, alas ! my heart-strings, breaking,
 Yield unto the bitter blast !

Who shall strike—thy warmth renewing—
 These lov'd chords when I am gone !
 Wilt thou thrill with song subduing,
 Breath'd by some *inspired one* ?

Or, wilt thou, all lone, forsaken,
Like the youth neglected be ?
Cease then, cease !—no longer waken
Dreams that long have fled from me !

TO THE LADY OF LANSDALE.

When with the wild-beating waves of the Ocean
Far o'er this wide world I friendlessly roam,
Rouse not the warmth of a Parent's devotion !
Speak not the name of the wand'rer from home !

Should some gay voice, from the woodlands at even,
Recall to thy fancy his once happy song,
Let not a tear to his mem'ry be given !
Let not one pang to the thought belong !

Others there are, who, with fond embraces,
Shall lean on thy bosom with filial delight—
Others there are, who, with happier faces,
Shall cheer the lov'd Cottage with music at night !

But could a heart that is doom'd still to languish—
Doom'd to such sorrows as mine hath been—
Oh could it smile 'mid the tears of its anguish,
Or add to the joys of the peaceful scene !

I go to companion with cold-hearted strangers,
Far from the scenes of my childhood to dwell—
I court the dark shades of misfortune and dangers—
Lov'd of the mountains, I bid thee farewell !

NIGHT ADDRESS.

Why lookest thou, sweet moon, so cold and pale
 Upon th' autumnal leaves, that strew the vale
 All dark and gloomy—if our thoughts agree,
 Weep, sweet moon, and I will weep with thee !

Let thy pale beams too visit Myra's grave,
 Where the tall trees all stript of beauty wave
 Their evening sighs—for 'tis divine to rove,
 And weep amid the tombs of those we love.

Not long ago we fondly stray'd along
 This very path, and Myra's choicest song
 Was given to thy smiles ; but, oh ! sweet moon !
 How little did we deem to part so soon !

Here now she lies—the maid of every worth—
 Careless of the voice of sorrow and of mirth—
 All *pale and cold*—oh, if our thoughts agree,
 Weep on, sweet moon, and I will weep with thee !

ASK NOT, &c.

Tantum inter densas umbrosa cacumina fagos
 Assidue veniebat ; ibi haec incondita solus
 Montibus est sylvæ studio jacktabat inani.—VIRGIL.

Ask not the Harp, that neglected and lone
 All silent hangs on the willow tree,
 To remember the warmth of its youthful tone,
 Or breathe o'er the notes of its youthful glee.

To the winds of night shall it only breathe
 The song that long hath silent lain ;
 For the winds of night shall it only wreath
 Its wither'd garlands o'er again.

Ask not the heart that all sorrowing lies,
 To pledge with its wonted tenderness ;
 Or smile mid the gloom of its tears and sighs,
 From the night of its own dark wickedness.

Oh, no—let it sleep in the dreary waste,
 Where the *tempest of thought* forgets to rave ;
 Till the last throb of love from its dream is past,
 And it lays down fore'er in the cheerless grave !

ADIEU.

How dear to the soul the last moments of parting,—
 Each blissful remembrance of youth we renew,
 Whilst the hallowed tear of affection is starting,
 And lips that we love wildly murmur adieu !
 Each heart fondly beating,
 Still ling'ring, repeating
 Their mutual love in each tender adieu !

Tho' dark are the fears that o'ershadow the lover,
 Tho' the sunshine of Fortune recede from his view ;
 Tho' light summer clouds all those fears shall pass
 over,

When lips that we love sweetly whisper adieu !
 Each heart fondly beating,
 Still ling'ring, repeating
 Their mutual love in each tender adieu !

THE SUN HAD LOOK'D BACK.

The Sun had look'd back with his last ray of splendour,

As bidding 'good-night' to the slumbering wave,
And the Moon (with but one twinkling star to attend her,)

A sweet look of sorrow all pensively gave.

And, oh ! 'twas an hour of exquisite sadness,
For on the lone beach stood young Henry with her,

Who first taught his bosom the language of gladness ;
Alas ! he must leave her for countries afar !

'Adieu, my Louisa !' he cry'd, o'er yon ocean,
That sleeps in forgetfulness calmly the while,
When borne on the wings of the wild winds' commotion,

Ah ! who shall the sorrows of Henry beguile !'

He spake, and the blush of sincerity, stealing
From cheeks unprofan'd by pale falsehood, reply'd
While mutual souls to their God were appealing,
And Beauty stood weeping with Truth by her side !

The morning return'd—but Louisa no longer
Might pleasingly list to the dash of the wave ;
The billows rose high and the tempest blew stronger,
Her Henry was wrapt in a watery grave !

ADDRESS—TO THE APOSTATE CHIEF.

Oh thou that rul'st

O'er that dread place unknown, surrounded by
 Unhappy "principalities and pow'rs,"
 Thron'd on a cloud of darkness, and engulph'd
 In that deep dark abyss—eternal night !
 Whose sole delight is sin and death and hell
 And whose rebellious spirit cannot brook
 To sue for mercy, tho' an eternity
 Of wild despair spreads out its black'ning flames
 To fold thee in their ruin—What art thou
 Oh Satan, and from what exalted height
 Hast fallen that in chains of darkness kept,
 Thou yet must keep thy being?—Thou who wast
 Son of the morning, and in robes of light
 Stood near th' Eternal's Throne—a mighty Prince
 Fearing no fall!—tell me, what impious wish
 Deluded thee—what would'st thou, more than
 heav'n—
 And highest in that heav'n, *save one alone ?*

What tempter taught thee ruin, ere thyself
 Engender'd sin, and gave the monster birth ?
 For there was none before thee in disgrace—
 Yet, if sin *is*, it must have had *creation*—
 Hence must have had an Author!—but, thou wast
 "A Liar from the beginning"—and to thee
 We trace back all our woes !

Hab ! did'st thou think
To seize the sceptre of the universe
And reign without compeer ?—vain thought in
deed !

Worthy the Chief of devils ! for with all
Thy boasted strength, thou hast no pow'r but that
Giv'n thee of God !

And why wage war with man—yet sneaking come
Shelter'd within thine own deformity,
Invisible,—if ye have thrones and pow'rs
Why come not in thine own true shape, that man
Arm'd by his faith may meet thee face to face
And strive for th' mastery ?—But in Angel's guise,
Lurking about each avenue of thought,
Thou com'st, in dastard warfare with the mind,
Instilling where thou can'st thy poisonous wiles !

Boast not the overthrow of Adam's race
As if thy subtle arguments had wrought
Their purpose—for from that same fall man rose
To that high eminence, to which thy pride
Aspir'd—and *we*—e'vn *we* shall be as Gods—
Whilst thou, condemn'd to drag thy serpent coil
And bite the dust in envy, art fore'er
Exil'd from all that's happy, good and great !

Hold then, Apostate ! to thy den of darkness
Hie in despair, until thy stubborn soul
Be taught obedience !—We defy thy pow'r !!!

WRITTEN IN THE GROVES OF LANSDALE

Bury me in this calm retreat
 And give me a weeping willow
 To shade the spot where a Minstrel sleeps
 For ay on his cold, cold pillow !

 And when Æolus his vespers breathes—
 When Spring her balm diffuses,
 Strew his lone grave with her rosy wreaths,
 And whisper his name to the Muses !

 Tell them his pale heart once was warm—
 Bring them his Harp of sadness,
 And, tho' its chords be all unstrung,
 Tell them it once knew gladness !

 Ask them if they remember that name,
 And note the answer they make thee—
 Leave it beside me, until from thence
 The morn of Eternity wake me !

 Oh then will the Muse of heavenly song
 Lend me a Harp Immortal,
 And my spirit shall rise with her kindred shades
 To enter the golden portal !

 LINES

On hearing distant Music at Night:

In the holy calm of even,
 Wrapt in gloomy dreams of death,
 If aught on earth be like to heaven,
 'Tis Music's hallow'd breath !

Oh ! it is wildly soothing then,
 To gaze on starry worlds above,
 And fancy in those brighter realms
 We trace the shades of those we love.

Methinks a dear departed friend
 Breathes with celestial minstrelsy,
 And at this solemn hour would lend
 Her moonlight smiles to beam on me !

Come—come thou to my willing soul,
 And lead me to those blissful spheres ;
 Let the sweet smiles of Jesus soothe
 My griefs, and hush my sinful fears !

Oh, come !—I burn to join the throng,—
 I burn to clasp the gift divine.—
 I haste to sing the happy song
 ‘ My Jesus is forever mine !’



NATIONAL ANTHEM.

*On the accession of William IV. to the Throne of
 England.*

Now let Britannia's shore
 The lofty pæan pour,
 Proud off'rings bring ;—
 Hasten bright Muse of fame
 With patriotic flame,
 To chaunt great William's name,
 And hail him King !

Sound too our infant land,
Join the paternal band—
Strike up as one;
While Guardian Angels sing
Albion's illustrious King,
And, on immortal wing,
Crowd round the Throne!

Oh may thy gracious arm
Long shield thy sons from harm,
Long happy reign;
Should the hoarse trump impel,
May brilliant conquests tell
Britons invincible,
And William's fame!



MATRIMONIAL POLITESSE.

"Un malheur ne vient jamais seul."

'My dear,' said the rib of a Gentleman, 'why
Will you sully your delicate breath thus—my
stars!

Just going to rest too—oh, Lord! I shall die
With the smell of those plaguy cigars!"

'My love' said the intrepid husband, (quite gruff,)
'I'm smoking to kill the perfumes of your
snuff!

ASPECT OF THE TIMES.

"How swift is a glance of the mind."

A general war !

A general war !

Who says nay ! to a general war ?

There's England and France

On a *Dutchified* dance,

And Russia, and Prussia, and Austria *perchance*,

With Belgium and Holland, *all looking askance*

For a general war ! For a general war !

The land of Freedom's boasted sons

From cities and forests are issuing forth,

With fifes and drums, and swords and guns,

Brandishing fire-brands South and North !

E'en the Indians, they say,

Are whetting their knives,

To *kill* and to *slay*

Some thousands of lives !

The Islands of *rum*, and the Islands of *tea*,

Gunpowder, hyson, souchong and bohea,

Are all in a hubbub, much blood has been spill'd,

And nobody knows but they all will be killed.

In China, 'tis said they have open'd canals

Of torrents of blood from mortality's rills,

E'en the children sail boats there in holiday sports,

For the schools of Confucius are turn'd into forts ;

And the old walls, succeeded by heaps of dry bones,

Have a warlike appearance much better than stones !

The land of Mahomet is sounding afar--
Its brilliant seraglios are batteries of war--
Their gates are all turn'd into port-holes and
swivels,

And lovers to madmen, and madmen to devils--
Sultans and Pachas and Gipsies and Turks,
Scimitars, sabres, and pistols and dirks,
From Mecca to Egypt are thickly array'd,
Amid new fashion'd pyramids built of the dead.
Give us pause—oh ! oh !—

There's Miguel and Pedro and Donna Maria,
Heels over head amid torrents of fire,
They *strike*—for aught I know, and, Cannibal-like,
Eat all the dead carcasses up that they *strike*—
The red coats, amaz'd at the Amateur-hell,
Oft sigh for 'roast beef' in a London hotel,
And the French, in a surfeit, look back o'er the sea
And dream of home joys, such as frog-fricasee !

At Antwerp they say
The old devil's to play,
Le Chasse and Gerard's
Quarrell'd over their cards,
And exchang'd a few bombs in the duelling
way !

And there's Montreal was condemn'd for her sins
To drink the brave blood of her own citizens—
They appeal'd ; but I believe the Atlantic as yet
Brings nothing but ink—(vide *Neilson's Gazette*.)

La Royaume des Bourbons ('tis right to forewarn
her,)

Is playing a game of 'puss, puss, in a corner,'
Louis Philip plays cards and his minister's pranks,
Whilst the Dutchess sits dumb behind chimneys and
franks.

And Mexico kindling her own funeral pyre,
Tears up her charter to light up her fire,
The man from the Moon has gone up the Missouries,
And teaches them war thro' Camera Obscuras.

Nova Scotia the bride of Prince Edwards;—or
rather

Reverse the positions of one with the other,
(For the nuptials will all our grammarians perplex
If the high priest forgets the distinction of sex.)

Nova Scotia they say is about to be wed,
But that I shan't believe till I see her in bed—
Prince Edward may come in a husband's disguise
But we all know her length and her breadth by her
size !

She's handsome enough, and her dowry not small,
But I think our old friend wo'nt consent after all !

A place called New-Brunswick, in dining of late,
Had some millions served up in colonial debate,
Such "immense tracts of land" on so pigmy a
chest,

Lies rather too heavy for Whigs to digest,
What they'll do in this dreadful political plight

Alas ! I don't know ! but I hope they'll do right,
Perhaps an emetic would take off the qualm,
So they'd better apply to one doctor Reform !

No news yet from Greenland ; but, if we may
sift

From the ice and the snows they are turning adrift,
The conclusion is *they too* are rearing and tearing,
Foaming and fighting and cursing and swearing,
'Till the spirits that guard the north pole leave their
home,
And, in shape of wild storms, to New-Brunswick are
come.

"Mid pleasures and Palaces far we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !"
For the rose is fast budding again from the storm,
And soon t'will unfold in full glory—Reform !
The thistle looks bright from the Highlands, and
waves

Defiance to tyrants and traitors and slaves ;
The shamrock would blossom if clerical scythes
Were permitted no longer to mow it for tythes,
E'en our own native wild flowers precedence claim,
Witness Simonds and Humbert—and others of
fame !

In short, Mr. Editor, all is confusion,
Which *hurries* my muse to a *hasty* conclusion.—

Good night, my dear foolscap, I send you afar.
To proclaim to the press-gangs—a general war !
Oh dear !

LINES

*On the universally lamented death of Lieut. CLEEVES,
R. A.—Written at the time of the Funeral—*

Mournfully swell the funeral Band,
To the memory of the brave—
And bury him in a stranger-land,
But give him a Soldier's grave !

Let the minute-guns groan deeper still—
Let the sound of Artillery be
The Hero's *dead-march* as they bear him along
On his way to eternity !

Darkly his plumes, on the *hearse of death*,
Nod mournfully sad and slow ;
For never again shall they gracefully wreath
A garland for his brow !

He has gone to the land of departed ghosts,
Thro' the blue mists of Time, far away—
Where the souls of the brave, on their starry
posts,
Keep guard round Immortal Day !

Deep toll the knell of departed worth—
We will echo it far and near—
Whilst Beauty and Virtue in silent groups,
Drop the tribute of passing tear !

And tell it ye winds to his kindred clime—
Let his widow'd mother know,
They pillow'd his head on a soft green spot
And gave him all honours due !

Then mournfully swell the funeral Band,
 To the memory of the brave !
 They buried him in a wilderness land
 But he sleeps in a Soldier's-grave !!!



A VISIT TO THE GRECIAN MUSES.

— ' O laborum
 Dulce lenimen, mihi cunque salve
 Rite vocanti !' Hon.

Hail ! ancient Greece ! whose num'rous isles retain
 The gems of faded glory, and the dust
 Of chiefs of other time ! How should I love
 To sit beside thy Mount of fabled fame,*
 Barren and wild tho' now its aspect is,
 Oh Crete ! and dream of its ambrosial shades,
 Where erst th' immortal gods in state conven'd
 To guard the birth-place of great Jupiter—
 Where ancient Minos sat, with wisdom crown'd,
 Dispensing justice to th' admiring world
 Of cities that look'd up to him for laws ;
 Or tread the field that Mars aforetime trode,
 And view the spot where brave Venetians met
 Fearless the haughty foe, and pour'd their blood,
 Warm reeking, at the shrine of Candia's fame—
 Walk o'er their traceless tombs, and fancy still
 Linger the shades of heroes there ;—or pause
 By Lethe's wave, and drink away my cares

Mount Ida.

In her now-torpid stream—but, no—tho' dark,
 'The spirit of the past still sits before
 My troubled fancy, I would not partake
 Of thy forgetfulness; lest one pure ray
 Of friendship or of love should be forgot!
 Oh! who, t' appease the wrathful fates, would give
 The sweets of memory, a sacrifice,
 And be on this wide world a soulless blank?
 Then life were insupportable indeed—
 Annihilation man's last sad resource!

Waft me, kind Fairy, to the Cyclades
 Encircling ancient Delos, from whose shades
 The chaste Diana and Apollo sprung,
 That I may woo their memory, and touch the lyre
 Th' Adam of Song perchance has left to mourn
 With the low winds at night, o'er silent scenes,
 Where once, in proud magnificence, the halls
 Of their tall temples echo'd to the sounds
 Of music and of triumph!—bear me on
 To Paros Isle, amid the monuments
 Of ancient grandeur. On some marble mound,
 Seated alone, I'd contemplate the scene,
 And, big with feeling, sing of other years!

Or Santorin,* offspring of ocean's womb,
 By Nature's dark convulsions brought to light,
 Her birth announced by thunders from the clouds,
 And celebrated by terrific storms!
 Phœacia we will not pass thee by;
 But, pausing in thy "gardens" of old time,

* Thrown up by an earthquake during terrific storms of thunder and lightning.

Pay homage to the *King of Bards*, and dream
Of Alcinous, and fancy in each gale
We hear the echo of thy sister isles
Repeat the name of Homer !

Ithaca too,
We come to ponder on thy former scenes !
Shades of Ulysses and Penelope,
If, with Telemachus, in misty form
Ye hold your vigils here—at midnight hour
My mind shall meet you, and, if happily,
Mentor walks near, I'll steal a portion of
His sacred fire to light my humble song !
Cytheria next—upon thy time-worn rocks,
I'd pensive sit, and pour down on thy vales
Such plaintive minstrelsy as should awake
The sleeping Venus—then, mid groves of grapes,
The smiling goddess starting from her trance,
Should bid me weave a garland to adorn
The brow of beauty !

Now the Muse aspires
To nobler song ! Heathen mythology
We leave the heathen bards ! with rapid wing
Onward to that blest spot where man first stood
In godlike majesty ! Let Asia's mild
And balmy zephyrs fan the glowing lyre,
Whilst I with sacred reverence draw near
The *garden of creation* ! This is the place
Where our first parents walk'd in pure delight
In innocence and love ! Shall I presume
(A humble minstrel of the gloomy North)
To tell the sequel of that Paradise ?
No, let the sacred oracles of God

Unfold those fatal truths ;—but as for me,
The deluge veils each relic of those days,
And bids me hold my peace !

* * * * *

Hail ! continent immense ! upon thy north,
The Frozen Ocean keeps her wintry watch—
Her chrystal battlements in awful pomp
Erect their lofty tow'rs to guard thy coast !
Dark, on thy west, the multitude of waves
That mingle in wild melody—the sea
That gave deliv'rance to the Israelites,
The wide Levant, the Hellespont, the Don,
Marmora, and the Bosphorous unite
In proud sublimity of sullen song !
Far on thy south the Indian Ocean swells—
The spirit of her waters rides the storm,
And sounds old Neptune's harp to wilder strains !
With softer notes the wide Pacific woos
Thy eastern shores, and separates them from
The shores of this new world ! But, to return,
Within thy bosom where th' Olympus height,
Or Lebanon, and Hermon blooming stand—
Caucasus, Ararat, and Taurus, with
The anti-Taurus—mountains of ancient fame :—
Or, wind along th' Euphrates lengthen'd course
From high Armenia to the Persian Gulf—
The Tigris, Sarabat, Mœander, Jordan,
And the Orontes, (rivers of olden time)
View thy transparent lakes, Rackama, Van,
The gloomy borders of Asphaltides
(Where Sodom and Gomorrah smiling stood

Before that dread catastrophe, of which
Strange things are muttered still by restless ghosts
That haunt the shores of Palestine) and learn
Its fate from the mysterious fruit that grows
Around its stagnant waters !

Haste, my muse,
From dreams of horror, to Olympus' base
Where boils the wave of Byrsa—there we'll pause,
Beneath the regal mount, and rest awhile !

Refresh'd with odoriferous gales, that mild
From citron groves, and orange bow'rs and shades,
Where the tall date tree blossoms, whisp'ring come,
The fancy pilgrim rises to resume
His journey to the cities. See, afar,
The hills on which Aleppo stands—her walls,
Her courts, arcades, piazas, bagnios, mosques,
Romantic gardens, vineyards, and bazars,
Characteristic of her inmates, tell
That opulence and soft voluptuousness
Dwell in proud luxury there ! But, why delay
Our rapid voyage ? Bagdad awaits the muse,
The Tigris sleeps in calm, on the northeast
Her castle rears its white front, and looks down
Upon the Turkish Palace that below
O'erhangs the wave, and summer houses round,
Invite the weary traveller to repose !
Near this the ancient Babylon once stood
In all her grandeur ; but, no gilded spire
Points out the spot, now desolate and lone !
Haste on ! Bassorah, as we pass along,
Th' Euphrates, we remember thee, thou art

The haughty Arab chief's: nor will the bard
Presume t' intrude upon thy busy crowds !
Ancient Assyria next we visit—here
The mighty Ninevah once stood, (where preach'd
Jonas the prophet of her desolation)
Now lost in ruins ! Curdistan, the capital
Of modern time hewn from a lofty mountain,
The old Edessa, (now as Orfar known ;)
And vast Mousal, upon the eastern shore !
Teflis of Gurgistan, we next approach,
The wave of Kur rolls by ; on either side,
Encompass'd by strong walls. Yon fortress guards
Her mount, and there the Persian banner waves !
Her Greek, Armenian, Romish churches, all
Twenty and one in number, tell the stranger
Christians hold conference there. The Georgian
race,

Fairest of men, and brave, and generous,
Come forth to welcome us ! We may not tarry,
Away, Damascus, Tyre, and Sidon next,
Invite our meditation ! Up the blue wave,
On either side, nature profusely sheds
Her brightest charms, and there Damascus stands,
Smiling o'er her own beauties ! Ancient Tyre,
(Inhabited by a degenerate race
Of straggling fishermen,) looks void and drear
Amid the ruins of its former grandeur !

Sidon, we will not stop to view thy small
Abridgement of old time ; but, hurrying on
To Asia Minor, call at her capital,
Emporium of traffic. Smyrna, of thee
We would enquire, where Lydia, Pamphylia,

Pisidia, Cappadocia, Lycaonia,
 Cilicia, Pontus, or Amasia (once
 So celebrated in Greek and Roman song)
 Now are ! Luxurious tho' dame Nature still
 Triumphs o'er her own fall, and with wild charms
 Transcendant crowns the theatre of ruins !

What soul of thought would not delight to range
 Amid the antiquities of the old world,
 Ismir Aleppo, and old Tenedos Isle,
 Opposite which last in other ages stood
 The mighty Troy, where youthful Paris sigh'd
 In his fair Helen's arms ; whilst round its walls
 The hundred kings with all their numerous hosts
 In long and bloody conflict fought—and won
 The amorous beauty ! But that Troy is fall'n—
 Her tomb unknown, not one lone vestige left,
 Save yon small brook of which the poets sang,
 Who would not love to tread the marble dome
 Milasso yet preserves, and deem again
 Augustus Cæsar walks there ; or, those halls
 That near Latakia still commemorate
 The sports of ancient years ; or, Ephesus,
 Near thee to dream where once the Temple stood
 Of " Great Diana ;" or at the wide base
 Of Libanus' mount, and Cælo, Syria's chief
 Of citie trace, whose bold remains display
 The pride of architecture :—view the wide
 Hexag'nal courts and courts quadrangular,
 Corinthian pilasters and statues grand—
 And, passing on with meditative awe,

Approach th' entablature, and read the looks
Of ancient gods and heroes that on high,
Alto-relievo, guard its lofty pillars !

* * * * *

FRAGMENT.

I do not know what inward Spirit stirs
Man's thoughts up to such *strange unstudy'd things*,
And tell's him *he's immortal* ;—but, there is
A *living principle* within us ;—'tis,
Perchance, a *spark of the Divinity*,
Which Time has handed down, all unimpair'd,
Thro' the vast chain of beings, since the first :—
And tho' *there were* and *are* of those whose minds
Ne'er swell'd with thought-capacious never—felt
This surety of souls ;—*more impious still*,
Who cannot but believe ; yet with *strange pride*
(Such as first taught th' Apostate Host to fall)
Rebel 'gainst Light and Reason :—they are but
False bubbles on the tide of thought, that burst
Ere they attain the summit of their wishes,
And gone *forever* !—gone from things of earth—
Deluded wanderers down the deep vacuum,
Beyond the rush of worlds, where Horror finds
A hiding-place, 'mid dying gleams of hell
Made “ visible ” by “ darkness ” more refin'd
Than ever sail'd thro' ether :—for no breeze
Refreshing fans the *ghostly sweet* from shades

That howl along those regions,—and *no ray*
 Hath travell'd yet so far beneath the *bounds*
Of Light where smiles Creation's suns and stars !
 Nature shakes off her dross and flings it there—
 Deep in the *Vault of Death*—t' await *the time*
 When Justice shall bar down its *gates of night*
 And lock them up forever ! ! !

Reader ! hast thou e'er mus'd on what thou art
 From whence thou cam'st and whither thou art
 going ?

Hast thou e'er gazed on the star-spangled sky,
 And wonder'd ? Hast thou converse held with
 Nature,

And trac'd back all her mysteries to chaos ;
 Hence to the Great First Cause ?——

But here, the Muse,
 Is lost in silent revery !—human art
 Cannot explore *those mysteries*, which, no doubt,
 Wrap Angels in surprise !—*One thing* is certain,
We are,—and of such texture form'd, that Time
 Must decompose this mortal :—but He (who called
 Us from the *dust of earth* ; that dust from *chaos* ;
 That chaos from *strange void*,) can once again
 Breathe on the elements and wake them up
 To *second Being*—re-unite the soul
 To her long-lost companion, and complete
 Her happiness !—for who can help but love
Part of himself—the *only part we know*
 Thro' the long series of *Life's* smiles and tears—
 This poor, this woe-worn tabernacle ? He,

That rails against himself, is surely *mad*—
It borders too much on rash suicide
And vain philosophy !

But here my thoughts
Roll back o'er the wreck of ages ! What shall I
call it,
Ere Time had Being ?--and what was I then--
A something, or a blank in wide Infinity ?

* * * * *

How strange, that one *so poor*, so like a *speck*,
To the vast millions that inhabit systems,
Should not be overlook'd by Nature's GOD !
I who am here, yet cannot tell *from whence*
I journey'd, or "thro' what variety
"Of untried being *I am yet to pass*"--
A Man ! *an insect* !--Rob us of our faith,
And, oh ! where are we !--Lost in immensity,
Our minds rush back on *Wilderness of thought*,
Without a resting place ; and dash along
The *tempest of Despair*, in broken fragments ! !

THE VALE.

'Mid the garland of hopes Time hath woven for me,
From my harp of the hills to the dark rolling sea,
There sparkles no gem half so dear to my soul--
There murmurs no stream with such witching
control--

There blossoms no flow'r—there whispers no gale—
Half so sweet as the magic that hangs o'er the vale !

No palaces lift their tall columns on high—
No turretted domes hide themselves in the sky—
Our parks are the woodlands, our gardens the fields,
Mountains our ramparts, and friendship our shields,
And rich the perfume our wild roses exhale,
As they kiss the soft dew from the robes of the
v'! !

In the mountain's dark shade for the muses design'd,
O'er the lone haunted stream by my cottage reclin'd,
I'd woo my wild Harp, thy expiring tone,
And languish to sleep by the moss-cover'd stone;
Whilst echo—soft echo, should whisper the tale,
How the Bard sweetly dreams in the arms of the
vale.

THE COMPLAINT.

Oh yés, thy form is lovely—
Thine eyes of heavenly blue,
Surpass the brilliant smiles of morn
Drest in their richest hue :

Those auburn tresse. beautiful,
Thy minstrelsy divine ;
But what are all these charms to me ?
Since thou may'st ne'er be mine !

Yet must I still remember thee,
With an eternal love,—
M2

Thou art the same dear one to me,
 Tho' friendless far I rove ;

But wither'd are the flow'rs of youth,
 I never may reel:ne
 On the sweet *heav'n of hope* again,
 As when I thought thee mine !

The chilling frowns of destiny
 Have circled round my brow,
 The bosom that once thrill'd with bliss
 But throbs with sorrow now,—

The world is dark and gloomy—
 How unlike those smiles of thine ;
 Ah ! why should I thus love thee ?
 Since thou may'st ne'er be mine !



THE BEREFT ONE.

(Written by request of a friend.)

When first I clasp'd thee to my breast,
 A lovely blooming bride—
 Oh ! thou wert dearer to my soul
 Than all the world beside.

I lov'd thee more than words can speak—
 Thy very name was dear—
 My youthful heart beat high with hope,
 And thought that hope sincere.

How blissful were my moments then,—
 A heav'n on earth was mine—

Thy presence bade each thought depart
That was not thought divine !

For holy was the smile of love
That lit thy dark blue eye,
And the soft blush that ting'd thy cheek,
The blush of majesty !

But ah ! how soon the fairest flow'r
May yield its sweet perfume,
And with'ring in the arms of death,
Be gather'd to the tomb.

Alas ! 'twas even so with thee !
Thou art forever gone !
And I am left to range this wide,
This friendless world alone !

When hopes that lit our youthful years
All sorrowing depart,
And the last flow'r that blooms for love
Hath wither'd from the heart.

Joy lives not in the rosy smile
That decks the morning sky,
Nor can the moonlight paths of youth
Give pleasure to the eye.

Ah ! whither shall the fainting soul
Pursue her lost repose ?
Ah ! whither shall she flee for rest
From all her mighty woes ?

Jesus' smiles can heal the wounds
Which this false world hath giv'n—

Jesus' smiles alone can lift
The wanderer to heav'n !

Adieu !—adieu !—thy spirit pure
Hath wing'd its happy flight
To where immortal love presides,
To realms of living light.

More beautiful than e'er thou wast,
Remov'd from ev'ry pain :
Then cease my soul to mourn for her,
Since we may meet again !



ODE—TO WOMAN.

" De l'abondance du coeur, la bouche parle."

In winter's frosts, or summer's flow'rs,
When morning smiles, or midnight low'rs,
There's nought in this cold world of ours
So fair as woman !

The love which dwells in that bright eye,
The heav'n that breathes in each fond sigh,
And many other reasons why,
I love thee woman !

'Tis true, alas ! thou didst begin
That well known plague of man term'd sin,
By taking poor old Adam in,
Oh ! thoughtless woman !

Yet, from the very venom'd root
(Which wise men call forbidden fruit,)
How many sprigs of wisdom shoot—

Oh ! daring woman !

Forever doom'd to crawl the earth,
Man ne'er had known 'a second birth ;'
But for thy Patriotic worth,

Hail ! champion woman !

But now our hopes no longer bound
To this poor paltry spot of ground,
May stretch a thousand worlds beyond—

Led on by woman !

'Tis true that death and misery
Have been dealt round unsparingly,
Millions have sunk by land and sea

For thee, oh woman !

Philosophy hath stood amaz'd,
While kingdoms rock'd and cities blaz'd,
As if old Nature's self were craz'd

By thee, oh woman !

Yet, one sweet smile amply repays—
The Hero pale with dying gaze
Looks up to thy celestial rays

And blesses woman !

Then, hail, *perfection*, as thou art !
Oh ! may we never—never part !
In language of each noble heart,

God bless thee, Woman !

AIR.

Lassie of the calm blue eye,
 Here's a health to thee, lassie—
 Pledge it with a tender sigh,
 Breath'd alone for me, lassie !
 Think what kindred feelings bind us—
 Think of what these "gems" remind us—
 They that wore them once design'd us
 Heirs to Liberty, lassie !

Cameronia keeps the scroll
 Handed down by Time, lassie—
 Written by a Bard of old,—
 There I find thy name, lassie !
 Come, and read the sacred story,
 Where in bloody bloom of glory,
 Scotland's Chieftains laid them down
 As jealous of their fame, lassie,

They have gone to brighter plains
 Far beyond the stars, lassie ;
 But their spirits oft return
 To keep watch o'er ours, lassie :—
 Tho' in humbler paths we wander,
 Yet, methinks, they love to ponder
 On their exil'd fame—from yonder
 Realms of cloudy bow'rs, lassie !

Light up then thy calm blue eye—
 Here's a health to thee, lassie,—
 Pledge it with a tender sigh,
 Breath'd alone for me, lassie !

Think what sacred memories bind us—
Think of what these *gems* remind us—
They that wore them once design'd us
Heirs to Liberty, lassie !

THEN SIGH NO MORE FOR PLEASURES, &c.

Envyng oft the treasures,
That gild the splendid train ;
We but behold their pleasures,
And leave unmark'd the pain.

I've seen the son of sorrow
Look cheerfully the while,—
The blasted hopes of morrow,
Still linger in a smile !

There are eyes which beam with gladness ;
There are lips of sweet control ;
But, who can tell what sadness
Still lurks about the soul !

Yon smiling Orb of even
Looks beautiful the while !
Marching the vault of heav'n,
With sweet and holy smile :—

But, soon, her Beauty fading,
'Mid scenes no longer calm ;
Behold her dimly wading,
Thro' clouds of gathering storm !

And thus, the Child of folly,
Late lit with rapturous glow,—
But frowns of melancholy,
Enwreath his temple now !

Then, sigh no more for pleasures,
More empty than the wind ;—
But seek alone for treasures
That still can charm the mind !

POLAND.

Arouse from your slumbers, ye warrior Poles,
Arise with the dawning of Freedom's bright star—
If one spark of glory yet burns in your souls,
Come rally around the old Standard of war !

Remember the days when your fathers arose,
As the waves of the Ocean majestic they came ;
Their breasts were the shield to the foeman oppos'd,
And the field of their death was the field of their
fame !

The days when the sword of a Thaddeus wav'd,
Avenging and bright for the Patriot band,
And the onset of myriads fearlessly brav'd,
While hope there remain'd for his dear native
land.

Then rouse from your slumbers, ye warrior Poles,—
Arise with the dawning of Liberty's Star—
If one Spark of Glory yet beams in your souls,
Come rally around the old Standard of War !

THE VICTIM.

2. 0100—

They brought him forth all bound in chains,
 Of tall and stately mein—
 His dark full eye was pensive, but,
 His brow was all serene—
 And strange it was, for one so young—
 A youth of scarce eighteen.

A mother met his last full gaze—
 Her hand was grasp'd in his—
 For bending o'er her aged form,
 He gave the parting kiss :—
 But not a groan escap'd his breast,
 (To speak its wretchedness.)

He knelt upon the fatal form,
 While they his white neck bare,
 Adjusting the dark destin'd cord
 With cold exactness there ;—
 He look'd as if his Spirit was
 Engag'd in silent pray'r !

He paus'd awhile—as listening to
 The death bell's solemn toll—
 Then, turning to the multitude,
 He bow'd with sweet control,—
 That bow of careless grandeur spoke
 The greatness of his soul !

The signal now is giv'n—he falls—
 His struggles soon are o'er
 That dark full eye may smile upon

A Mother's love no more!—
 It palely glares in a criminal's grave
 All clotted round with gore!—

The Mother sought her Cottage in
 Delirium of grief;
 And from that hour she never knew
 One moment's kind relief—
 She heard his voice in the midnight winds
 Was still her strange belief!

Months pass'd away,—that scaffold bore
 Another victim now—
 Hopeless despair with coward guilt
 Sat wildly on his brow—
 And he acknowledg'd to the deed
 For which the youth lay low!

The Mother listen'd e'en in death,
 For it soon spread far and wide,—
 And a flush of joy pass'd o'er her cheek,
 While thus she faint reply'd,
 "Oh! was my Henry innocent!"
 Then bless'd her God and dy'd!!!



SONG OF THE POLISH WARRIOR.

Oh let the bright thought of our forefather's
 chivalry
 Urge us to stand as they gallantly stood;
 For Liberty dawns on the fields of our bravery,
 Never to set but 'mid Oceans of blood!

Our Brethren are valient tho' few are their numbers,

Untarnish'd in death is their warrior name;—
As the indignant Lion arous'd from his slumbers,
They conquer or die on the field of their fame !

Tyrants no more shall look down on our slavery,
Smile at our bondage and scoff at our pain;—
Our pray'rs have been heard by the Giver of Victory !

Poland shall live among nations again !

FRAGMENT.

“ Je me perds dans ce vaste abime des grandeurs de Dieu.”

Now moonbeams slumber o'er thy shades thou love-inspiring Bow'r,

And nought but the still dash of waves breaks on the midnight hour—

Oh ! let me dwell with thee awhile—escap'd the giddy throng—

And breathe amid thy dew-clad flow'rs a Minstrel's lowly song !

There is a holy grandeur in the Moon's pale march at night,

While starry garlands strew her paths all smiling with delight;—

But holier grandeur swells the thought that climbs yon unknown road,

Nor rests till it ascends beyond those worlds to
Nature's God !

Tis beautiful to look upon the sweetly slumbering
deep—

But who can tell what storms may rise and spoil
her tranquil sleep—

Tis' only beautiful to those, protected by that arm,
Which sways the mountain-tempest and the Ocean's wildest storm !

How soothing to the Memory is Friendship, Love
and Bliss !—

Perchance those faded roses lie in Death's dark
wilderness !—

On ! seek ye for a Saviour's love that never never
dies—

This life is but a pilgrimage—our home is in the
skies !



GO WHERE YOU WILL, &c.

Go where you will—over mountains and dales—

There's nothing on earth so divinely fair ;—

As Nymphs that blush o'er their milking pails,

With downcast eye to the lover's prayer.

I ne'er could delight in those painted charms,

Which other Bards are wont to admire ;

Oh ! still let me languish in Nature's arms—

And steal from her lips a poet's fire !

Soft flowing ringlets all carelessly deck'd
With a wild-flow'r wreath has charms for me,—
And the spotless bosom, where ne'er was wreck'd,
Its own true lover's imploring sigh !

Then go where you will over mountains or dales
There is nothing on earth so divinely fair,
As Nymphs that blush o'er their milking pails,
With downcast eye to the lover's pray'r !

THE FALLEN WARRIOR.

Wild was the flash of the Warrior's eye,
When his boasted enemy pass'd him by,
And he grasp'd his sword, tho' it broken lay,
All weltering with blood in the pathless way !

And now the hated banner is spread
In savage triumph o'er his head ;
But, the whispering voice of his parting breath,
Tells his soul unconquer'd ev'n in death.

They left him alone in the Battle-field,
By his broken sword and his gory shield ;—
But his Spirit had flown beyond the grave,
To immortal realms the ghosts of the brave !

ADIEU, MY LOVE, ADIEU !

Dreams of bliss await the morrow,
 Deck'd with rosy garlands bright ;
 Moments of exquisite sorrow—
 Moments of untaught delight—
 Orbs of beauty beaming mildly,
 Whilst each bosom-throb is heard ;
 Lips of fragrance whisp'ring wildly
 Still the sweet, the hallow'd word—
 Adieu, my love—adieu !

Can this heart, its vows forgetting,
 Absent to thy mem'ry grow ?
 And can thine, those vows regretting,
 E'er forget thy William ?—No !
 Holy was the look of sadness,—
 Still the parting sigh is heard ;
 Tears of sorrow—smiles of gladness—
 Both bedew the sacred word,
 Adieu, my love—adieu !



GIVE ME AN HOUR.

Give me an hour all calm divine,
 Where no meaner eyes than Eliza's smile—
 The dew from her lips be my only wine,
 Her bosom, my only domicile !
 Oh ! then would my languishing Lyre wreath
 A garland for Love with its proudest thrill,
 That when the Minstrel reposes in death,
 Should, blooming, live to adore her still !

MALVINA.

In days of yore, an Eastern Prince
Of mighty pow'r and fame,
Possess'd an only daughter, and
Malvina was her name.

She was the nation's boast—she was
The fairest of the fair—
And many a goodly-knight, for her,
Had died in deep despair :—

For she had pledg'd her heart to one
Of noble parentage—
He was the pride of all his House—
The flower of the age !

But long, a mortal enmity
Between their Sires had reign'd,
And these two tender lovers were
To secrecy constrain'd.

Oft did they meet in moonlight hour,
To sad and pensive rove,
Weep o'er their cruel destiny
And tell their mutual love.

At length the hated truth reveal'd,
And spurn'd with savage ire—
The Prince proclaim'd his sovereign will—
And this the mandate dire—

Whatever Knight should victor prove
In lists of chivalry,
As trophy gain'd in Battle strife,
His should Malvina be !

The time was set—when th' Orb of day
No longer shone upon
His lofty tow'rs—the Champion
Might claim her as his own !

But to deprive the unconscious youth
Of Fortune on that day,
He sent him with his armed hosts
To countries far away !

Now many a Knight from far and near
With armor bright and strong,
Rode proudly to the fatal spot,
To join th' aspiring throng :—

And many a gallant Hero fell—
Till' there was left but one,
Who proudly wav'd his crescent high,
And view'd the setting sun !

And loud he thus defy'd the world—
I swear by right divine,
I am the happiest Knight on earth,
The lov'd Malvina's mine !

But, lo ! from yonder mountain path
A horseman bounding near !
His snow-white plumes high dance in air,
And shining is his spear !

'I come' he cries 'to gain the prize
Of victory to day !'
Then proudly gallop'd in the midst,
And fix't him in array !

The stranger wav'd his falchion high,
And with a giant blow,
He fell'd his foeman to the ground,
And cleft his skull in two !

High swell'd the trump of victory !
And loud the proud huzza !
That echo'd for the graceful Knight,
Along the ranks of war !

The sun is set—the cong'ring youth
Thus cries with voice divine—
'Give me your daughter noble Prince,
Malvina now is mine !'

The haughty Prince with smiles reply'd—
Thou art the noblest Knight
That ever rode in our country,
Or grac'd the field of fight—

My daughter is thine own, and more,
If thou wilt ask of me,
I swear by yonder rising moon,
It shall be giv'n to thee !

Unclasp his armor !—Menials haste !
Nay, pity ! stay thy fears !
For, kneeling at her Father's feet,
Malvina's self appears !

Malvina won the peerless prize !
 Her love is all forgiv'n !
 Youth of her choice return and prove
 The joys of earthly heav'n ! !

AIR.

La joie est naturelle aux âmes innocentes.

Mid garlands transcendently bright,
 The eye of the Maiden was beaming ;
 For she hung o'er her harp on the lone beach at night,
 Whilst moonbeams around her were dreaming

—of love—

Whilst moonbeams around her were dreaming !

Celestial the music it gave,—
 For it breath'd in the Spirit's devotion ;
 And Echo came forth on the breast of the wave,
 To respond with the voice of the Ocean,

—in love—

To respond with the voice of the Ocean !

WHEN O'ER THE WESTERN HILLS.

When o'er the Western hills afar
 The *god of day* retires,
 And Hesper—bright and lovely star—
 The ev'ning song inspires !

How fond, to stroll thy smiling paths,
And catch the melting lay,
The woodland warbler sweetly breathes,
To while the night away !

Then, if some white-rob'd Dryad, wrapt
In holy sighs and tears,
Weeps o'er the harp, where Mary wept
In days of other years.

Oh ! whilst in soft complaining airs
Those vespers steal along,
Fancy, inspir'd, shall list once more
To Mary's long-lost song !

HARK ! THE TREAD OF THE BATTLE
HOST, &c.

Hark ! the tread of the Battle Host,
With the hollow sounding drum ;
In awful pomp of chivalry,
At midnight hour they come !

None other voice steals on the breeze,
To tell of war's alarms ;
Save plumes low rustling 'mid the trees,
And the clank of the warrior's arms !

The anxious foe in silence wait
Th' approaching cloud afar,
And oft they cast an anxious look
On the sable dogs of war.

And now the shrill-voic'd trumpet calls
 With quick and fearful breath,
 Vollies on vollies groan aloud
 Along the ranks of death.

Vengeance wraps her winding sheet
 Round the deserted one,
 And terror opes her ghastly gates—
 They fall—they fly—they run !

Hark ! the retreat of the vanquish'd host,
 And the swell of victory !
 Hark ! the yell of the Tyrant's fall,
 And the song of Liberty !



THE HARP OF WALTER SCOTT.

When the light of my song is o'er,
 Oh bear my harp to yon ancient hall !
 Hang it up at the friendly door,
 Where weary travellers wont to call.

MOORE.

Sacred relic of him, whose spirit
 Hath left thee for an immortal lyre,
 If thou one spark of his song inherit,
 Oh warm my lips with that holy fire !
 And, oh ! that this trembling hand could waken
 The warmth of thy Master's touch again—
 But, Harp of Glory, by Scott forsaken,
 No meaner Bard shall thy strings profane !

Tell me if ever his passing shade
Revisits thy shrine in the moonlight hour,
Or, breathes with the whispering voice of the
dead,
O'er thy hallow'd chords with wonted pow'r—
For, then would the twinkling Orbs of even
All smiling list to each plaintive tone,
And Angels stoop from the joys of heaven
To mingle their notes with th' inspired One !

AIR.

Come forth from your woodland Bow'r,
Sweet Bird of the Mountain train,
And wreath with the smiles of this moonlight
hour,
A song for my Cottage green !

There's roses all spotless and white,
There's violets transcendently blue,
And the flow'ret that opes its fair bosom at night,
All blushing—bespangled with dew.

The Lady shall walk in those paths,
And list to the warbling strain,
Her Beauty shall vie with their rosy wreaths,
And inspire the songster again.

Then, forth from your woodland Bow'r,
Sweet Bird of the mountain train,
And wreath with the smiles of the midnht hour,
A song for my cottage green !
ol

ON THE ARRIVAL OF A BROTHER.

Arouse thee my slumbering Lyre !
 Arouse, on the pinions of love !
 And strike the proud strain of thy youthful fire,—
 To welcome the Child of the Grove !

His heart is noble and warm,
 It thrills with a holy joy ;
 For he brings forth the Lady of Lansdale to
 charm

The song of the Minstrel boy.

Tho' joys forever are dead,
 That smil'd on our happier years ;—
 Oh, say—when the light of the morn hath fled,
 Shall ev'ning be dark'ned with tears !

Then rouse thee my slumbering Lyre,
 On the pinions of Friendship and Love,
 And strike the proud strain of thy youthful fire,
 To welcome the Child of the Grove.

Still—still one Star is not here,
 To gem the garland of joy,—
 Tis' the Bard of the woodlands whose smiles-sin-
 cere,

Are dear to the Minstrel Boy !

They've left him to watch o'er the grove,
 With the Genius of woodlands to dwell,
 But, oh ! is his bosom less warm with love ?
 His Harp on the Mountains shall tell !

Then rouse thee my slumbering Lyre,
On the pinions of Friendship and Love,
And strike the proud strain of thy youthful fire,
To welcome the Child of the Grove !

THEY PRESS'D AROUND.

They press'd around his gloomy cell,
With idle gaze encroaching—
He shrunk aghast, for the tolling bell
Proclaim'd his hour approaching :—

But a sullen frown his temples knit
As he threw his chains aside,
And a fever'd flush pass'd o'er his cheek—
T'was the flush of wounded pride !

Hard by him knelt an Angel form
In agonized pray'r ;—
A smiling babe clung to her breast,
Unconscious of the sorrows there.

To see her last—her fond embrace—
A Tyrant would have wept ;
But, still, the Prisoner's fixed eye
Its pale unalter'd firmness kept.

They lead him to the fatal spot—
He mounts the scaffold high—
A breathless crowd the signal waits,
And he prepares to die !—

But, hark !—upon the distant breeze
 A thousand voices rise,
 And to the pale now-faltering youth
 The messenger of pardon flies.

It is the lov'd—the Angel form—
 “ My Henry ! ” — “ Oh, how blest ! ”
 Thus cry'd th' enraptur'd Jane, and clasp'd
 Him to her wildly throbbing breast !



NATIONAL SONG.

Hark ! to the voice of Majesty,
 Beyond th' Atlantic's roar !
 'Tis' echo'd back by Loyalty,
 From Brunswick's infant shore—
 It is the sound of Liberty,
 It walks the wide world o'er !
 It faints not 'mid the gathering storm,
 It is Reform ! Reform ! Reform !

Pale Despots hear and trembling pause,
 Or grovel in the dust ;—
 While Britain's King and Britain's Laws
 Would proudly own it just—
 Hail ! to the righteous heav'n-born cause !
 Our ' William ' hail'd it first !
 And soon his brow, serene and calm,
 Shall truly smile Reform ! Reform !

TECUMSEH'S* ADDRESS TO HIS FOLLOWERS,

The morning preceding Battle.

Rouse, Warriors! Rouse!
 Tear the poppy from your brows,
 And come pay your Battle vows
 On the field of your glory!
 Your fathers from the clouds
 Shall look down upon your deeds,
 Whilst the haughty foeman bleeds
 Before ye!

Sound high the Battle song,
 Ye of the Lion throng,
 And avenge Britannia's wrong,
 Whilst the Day-star smiles in splendor—
 Bend broad the fatal bow,
 For each victorious blow,
 Shall tear the mighty foe
 Asunder!

Each tomahawk shall flush
 With the foeman's gory blush,
 For his trembling ghost shall rush
 From before the red man's valor,
 Then the laurel leaf shall rest
 On the calumet of peace,
 And the Battle sound shall cease--
 Whoop!—Allah!--

* A noted Indian Chief in the last Canadian War.

TELL ME WHAT IT IS TO LOVE.

Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium luricus aspici.

HORACE.

Ye who rank in Cupid's train,
And the sweets of Beauty prove,
Ye who know the thrilling pain,
Tell me what it is to love !

Whence the blush—the wild impression—
Tho' her glowing heart approves,
That attend the fond confession,
When the Soul of Beauty loves !

SONG.

When hearts that love have fondly met
Round Friendship's aged shrine,
Oh should the son of song forget
The days of Lang Syne !

The hopes that lit our youthful years,
The smiles that seem'd divine,
Forever fled—demands a tear
For Auld Lang Syne !

Hearts that were warm are cold and pale,
And Friends in death recline,
Yet we are left to tell the tale
Of Auld Lang Syne.

Oh then, tho' present joys beguile,
 Each other thought resign ;
 And give a tearful smile the while
 To Auld Lang Syne !

LINES

*On the universally lamented death of M. A. (wife of
 the Rev. S. E. A.) who departed this life 17th
 April, 1831—aged 21 years.*

“ Blessed are they that die in the Lord.”

Oh Death ! thy terrors and the grave's cold dearth
 Have clos'd upon our hopes !—In Beauty's
 bloom,
 Love, Friendship, Joy, and more than mortal worth
 Sleeps the dark slumbers of the silent tomb !

The voice of music floats no longer round
 Thy decorated walls, oh ! House of woe !
 In thy lov'd paths no longer may be found
 The smile of playful innocence—ah, no—

The lips that breath'd thy heav'n of minstrelsy—
 The eye that beam'd expressive of thy charms—
 Heedless alike, of joy and sorrow lie—
 Wrapt in the dark embrace of Death's cold arms !

Yet, weep not mourners of an Angel blest,
 Her spirit pure hath wing'd its happy flight,
 To the bright mansions of eternal rest,
 With happy saints, enrob'd in living light.

Methinks she waits thee there with tenfold charms—
 Methinks with heavenly smiles she bids thee
 come—
 Points to her Saviour's throne—her Saviour's arms,
 Glory of Angels and the Pilgrim's home !

PRAYER.

(Written at Midnight.)

*Mens mea quid queris ? Veniet tibi mollior hora,
 In sumneo ut videas numine laeta patrem ;
 Divinam insontes iram placarit Jesus ;
 Nunc est pro pœna pœnituisse reis.*

JOHNSON.

Arise my soul from slumbers dark,
 Shake off the Giant fiend Despair ;
 The voice of Hope addresses—hark !
 Come sinner, seek thy God in pray'r !

What tho' thy sins are numberless,
 Thy guilty fears beyond compare,
 Come sinner, come, and seek for rest
 In sweetly soothing humble pray'r !

The Babe of Bethlehem reconciles ;
 Thee to a Father's tender care,
 Then come to his all-atoning smiles,
 On the holy voice of pray'r !

EVENING ADDRESS.



Chant once more—delight my ears
 With thy heav'nlike sympathy—
 Nought can soothe the Minstrel's tears
 As can thy plaintive melody.

Art thou unhappy too, poor bird?
 Or dost thou love to dwell on sighs—
 Such as I have often heard,
 When starry wreaths bedeck the skies!

Yes—thou art happy, for thou hast
 Friendship's smiles to bless thy song;—
 But days and weeks and months are past
 Since I too join'd the kindred throng.

And, ah! methinks those strains shall light
 Some other hapless poet's gloom,
 When I am wrapt in memory's night—
 A silent inmate of the tomb!



FRAGMENT OF A LETTER,

TO ———

And now the Sun hath ta'en his flight,
 Beyond the western main;
 But, smiling as he bade "good night,"
 He promis'd to return again:—
 Yet, ah!—he could not promise, we
 Again his glorious face should see!

He still shall live in splendid spheres,
Still smile with vernal bloom,
When Fate hath clos'd our term of years,
And laid us in the cheerless tomb !
Then, other Bards may toil for fame,
'Till gaping graves prefer their claim.

And thus the brilliant hopes of youth
As seasons onward roll—
We think each fairy promise truth
That for a moment cheers the soul—
Those hopes shall light some other breast,
When in the vault of death we rest !

Go to the tombs of antient fame,
Where Beauty lies enshrin'd,
And ponder o'er the once-lov'd name,
Now, to oblivion consign'd—
So shall the sons of after date,
Unthinkingly peruse our fate !

What are the very choicest gifts
That sinful man can have ?
Say, can they for a moment lift
Our thoughts beyond the grave ?
Oh no—'tis the pure gift alone
That points us to the Saviour's Throne !

Come ! come then, to the heav'nly lamb !
No longer let us roam !
His blood can cleanse our souls from shame,
And he will welcome wanderers home !
There hand and hand we'll walk the golden shore,
In fond embrace to part no more !

TO ELIZA.

*Spirut ad huc amor
Vivunt que commissi calores
Æoliae fidebus puellae.*

HORACE.

Shall I forget the parting sigh
That from those lips so sweetly stole,
When from thine arms constrain'd to fly,
I gave thee, Love, a Poet's soul !

No—not while Memory endures
Can I my lovely girl resign—
This heart, Eliza, is but yours,
And thy fond bosom is but mine !



IMPROMPTU.

On a young lady's admiring the roses of a favorite grove.

The roses that bloom in the Grove,
Tho' fairest of roses 'tis true,
I swear by the Powers of love,
Are not half so graceful as you.

Insensible Poets may speak
Of those roses which bud from the tree,
But the blushes that bloom on thy cheek
Are the fairest of roses for me !

AIR.

Oh tell me not again that woman's love is warm and
true,
Since ev'ry change of Fortune may its constancy
subdue,—
Julia 'twas even so with thee—and must I stoop to
own
That others now possess those smiles whilst I am all
undone !
How false, and yet how beautiful !—how cruel, yet
how fair !
My heart still loves, tho' thou hast fix'd a thousand
daggers there !
Away then, thou false hearted one—unpity'd let me
sigh—
Proudly this heart has ever liv'd, and proudly shall
it die !

 THE WATERLOO HERO.

“ Rendez a Cesar ce qui appartient a Cesar.”

(AIR—RULE BRITANNIA.)

Hero of thy Country's fame,
Conqueror of thousands, hail !
We will sing thy glorious name,
Tho' th' aspiring tribute fail !
Albion, yes, we sing thy son—
Great, immortal Wellington !

Methinks the Chieftain I behold
Foremost in the ranks of death,
Ardor breathes in every soul,
Caught from his inspiring breath—
Hark ! the hosts of Albion
Shout, " long live Great Wellington !"

See, the Goddess of our Isle
Proudly leaning from the sky—
He has won her dearest smile,
Wellington shall never die !
He shall live when time is gone—
Still remain Great Wellington !

Wreaths of living laurels bloom
Round the brow of victory,
All that fame can do is done—
Britain, glory blooms for thee :—
But, count those endless glories won
By illustrious Wellington !

Those thy Chieftains who have fled
To realms of ghosts of other years—
Sacred be their gory bed,
Moist with sympathetic tears—
For they fell 'mid glories, won
By illustrious Wellington !

Many a youthful Hero lies
Silent on the gloomy plain—
But the Warrior never dies,
In brighter worlds he lives again—
Thus shall it be when thou art gone,
Forever lives great Wellington !

THE BARD'S FAREWELL TO THE VALE.

Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Allicit, immemores nec sinit esse sui.

HORACE.

There is gladness in Spring but awhile—
There is splendor in Summer's control—
There is sadness, sweet sadness, in Autumn's
pale smile,
As its tempests rush wild on the soul !
There's a death voice in wintry winds
As they howl thro' the desert profound—
There's a look from the skies that reflects in our
minds,
When they weep with strange whiteness
around !

Here's a farewell to the Vale—
Its song with its summer departs—
Dark are its borders—its roses turn pale,
As they fade from the union of hearts !
I have climb'd with the Muse o'er your hills—
I have wandered by willow and wave
I have watch'd the dark course of your mur-
muring rills,
And convers'd with the gloom of the grave !
But, oh ! if the Spirit retains
One gem of the days of past years,
In the depths of my bosom old Memory reigns,
With the holy communion of tears !
Each haunt of my childhood—the brook—
The tree that stands des'late and lone—

There's an untold expression in ev'ry *old look*
That we lov'd in the days that are gone !
Here's a farewell to the friends
Of my bosom—I hallow each claim—
And here's a *farewell* to the Falsehood that
blends
So impious with Friendship's dear name !
But, oh ! there are *warm hearts* of love,
And, sacred be each as I roam—
Could the Bard so forgetful of *self* ever prove,
To forget the *endearments of home* !!!

SONG.

(AIR.— Dear Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon.)

Lov'd Cottage of my Parents, hail !
With all thy notes of minstrelsy !
Tho' far I wander from the vale,
My fondest thoughts are full of thee !

For there I rov'd in youth's delight
With those I never can forget ;—
But, many a dark and dreary night,
Hath damp'd these brows since last we met !

Peace to thy hallow'd woodland Bow'rs,
And meads by fragrant dew-drops prest,
And gentle streamlets, lined with flow'rs,
Whose waters sweetly lull to rest !

Oh ! when shall I again embrace,
Or, slumber 'neath the once-lov'd tree—
Oh ! when shall that inspired place
Again so fondly smile on me !

FRANCE.

Avaunt ! pale Tyranny !
For the sons of France are free !
Her Standard of Freedom proudly waves !
Bend low your iron knee,
At the shrine of Liberty,
For henceforth—for henceforth ye are slaves !

Ye daughters of the land
Come with laurels in hand
Bestrew them round the warrior's grave,—
Whilst the song of victory
Wafts his Spirit to the sky,
Where the God of Battle welcome's the brave !

Whilst high the Pæan swells
My youthful spirit thrills
With the flame of a Patriot Bard :—
May the sun of valor shine
In full splendor divine,
And may glory be the Hero's reward !

LOVE AND TRUTH.

In happier days, when Time was young,
 Ere Love was fall'n as now,
 A heavenly rose there blushing hung
 About his infant brow—
 And Angels smil'd to see the youth,
 Adorn'd with the fair flow'ret ' Truth !'

But soon, ah ! soon, Sin's hated blight
 With the pale youth had striv'n,
 And, frightened Truth with rapid flight
 Regain'd her native heav'n !
 Oh ! there alone the rose may prove
 The sweets of an immortal love !

AIR.

Tho' others smiles may charm, love,
 They cannot charm like thine ;—
 Tho' other hearts be warm, love,
 They're not so warm as mine !
 Eliza, can'st thou e'er forget,
 The happy morn when first we met !

At ev'ning's silent reign, love,
 Tho' Beauty wantons near ;
 Her brilliant smiles are vain, love,
 Eliza is not here !
 Oh ! say then, can'st thou e'er forget,
 The moonlight hour when last we met !
 P2

THE SMILING NIGHT-STAR.

Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis.

HORACE.

The smiling night-star sweetly woo'd the fair uncon-
scious child,

Wreathing its fairy garlands with her ringlets dark
and wild,—

For wildly beautiful they stray'd adown an Angel
brow,

Where innocence and Beauty bloom'd with soft
and holy glow !

I held her snow-white hand in mine—t'was like her
bosom, warm—

And gaz'd in silence on her peerless symmetry of
form ;—

I gaz'd, and wept, that I must leave one so divinely
fair,

And to another pledge a heart that still must lin-
ger there !

She sigh'd and smil'd—then sigh'd again—a sweetly
slumb'ring dove—

All exquisitely sorrowing in dreams perchance of
love ;—

Oh ! who can tell but in that hour of soothing sad
control,

Her thoughts met mine in mutual tears, whil'st
soul convers'd with soul !

I leave thee, fair unconscious child, amid the moon-
beam wreathes—

Alas ! a long, a sad adieu my sorrowing bosom
breathes !

It may not, cannot be that I shall ever call thee
mine—

My vows are to another giv'n ; but, oh ! my heart
is thine !



FRAGMENT.

Bard of the Woodlands—Strike the Lyre !

Take up a lamentation for the hills,
And let the echo of their faded song
Answer the boding Night-Bird as she hoots
From yonder mountain pine !

Hail ! to thy sombre shades, oh ! Lansdale !
I love to see thy towering elms and oaks
Shaken with tempestuous winds—I love to hear
Th' approaching storm roll down the Mountain-
side,

And sweep along the Vale—Whilst the pale Moon
Looks from the gathering clouds, all dark and drear,
As weeping o'er thy faded roses !

I love to see the Lady pensive stand,
Leaning upon her Cameronian Harp
Amid the gloom of ages—musing o'er
The tale of other years :—

For then methinks
 The shades of antient warriors cluster round
 In whirlwind chariots from th' immortal world
 To gaze upon her !—
 Ghosts of her Fathers, rob'd in deathly grandeur,
 As they were wont to be in worldly fame !

SONG.

Oh isn't it a pity such a gallant youth as I,
 In a real forest nunnery should pine away and die !
 Oh ! why am I excluded from those exquisite scenes
 Where Beauty sits unrivall'd amid Princesses and
 Queens !

Oh ! I wo'nt be a swain—oh ! I ca'nt be a swain !
 My heart loves gentility too well to be a swain !

I've been in love with twenty girls, but somehow it
 so proves,

That my proud heart can never stoop to wed the girl
 it loves ;

And if I may not be allow'd to court some high-born
 dame,

I'm sure that I shall ever prove—for aught I know
 the same !

Oh ! I won't be a swain—oh ! I can't be a swain—
 For my heart loves gentility too well to be a swain !

A fresh blooming damsel to be sure looks well
 enough,

Low seated by the distaff and dress'd in coarser stuff ;

But I love to see fine jewels all sparkling that outvie
Each other object near, save the splendor of the eye !

Oh ! I won't be a swain—oh ! I can't be a swain—
For my heart loves gentility too well to be a swain !

I would attend the Operas—at Theatres be seen—
Seated beside some titled one of tall and stately
mein—

Assemblies, Balls and Routes are true emblems of the
Great,

And they should my felicity, with Bacchus, all complete !

Oh ! I won't be a swain—oh ! I can't be a swain—
For my heart loves gentility too well to be a swain !

I'm sure that I'm what may be call'd a gentleman of
parts,

My form and manners degagee, t' ensnare the ladies
hearts;—

Then here's farewell to country girls— I hate them
all I vow—

Give me the sparkling coronet on Beauty's smiling
brow !

Oh ! I wo'nt be a swain—oh ! I can't be a swain—
For my heart loves gentility too well to be a Swain !

Thus did a foolish coxcomb sing reclining in the
woods,

And affrighting with his bull-frog voice th' astonish'd
sylvan gods ;

But I, thank heaven, am content—a rural life to
prove—

The smiles of playful innocence all the jewels I can
love !

Oh ! I will be a swain—yes, I will be a swain—
Give me the girl I love, and I'm content to be a
swain !

THE MOUNTAIN SONG.

I from the Mountains of Lansdale come,
From forests all wreath'd with the wild-flow'rs
bloom,—

Where the echoing hills and the murmuring streams
Give sorrowing thought to the Poet's dreams !
Oh ! think not to catch one tone of joy,
From the Mountain Harp of the Minstrel boy !

I've seen the rose in its beauteous pride,
Mid' violets blushing side by side,
On the smiles of the morn reposing calm,
Like the Virgin heart, unconscious of harm ;
But storms arose on the wintry gale,
And swept o'er their bosoms cold and pale—
I've wept that Beauty should perish thus
In the darksome wilds of the wilderness !

I've seen the laurel and myrtle twine
Their beauteous wreaths round Virtue's shrine,
And, smiling on the woodlands green,
Give gladness to the rural scene ;
But bitter Envy's cruel blight
Laid waste their smiles in Sorrow's night—
I've wept that they should perish thus
In the darksome wilds of the wilderness !

Earth's pleasures may for a moment seem
 Bright leading-stars thro' Life's short dream,
 Like the mid-night-phantom deluding roam
 With the wearied Pilgrim far from home,
 False Beacons by Virtue's Foeman giv'n,
 Deluding the thoughtless soul from heav'n !
 Alas ! that man should perish thus
 In the darksome wilds of the wilderness !

Oh ! think not to catch one tone of joy
 From the mountain-harp of the Minstrel-boy—
 For I from the Mountains of Lansdale come,
 From Forests all wreath'd with the wild-flow'rs
 bloom—
 Where the echoing hills and the murmuring streams
 Give sorrowing thought to the Poet's dreams !



AIR.

Must thy lover, all forsaken,
 Bid adieu, still—still unblest ?
 Will not the last sigh awaken
 Promise from thine Angel breast ?
 Whilst his vows ascend to heaven—
 Fond recalling hours of bliss,
 Shall not one last tear be given,
 To bedew the parting kiss ?
 Or thy soft blue eye, appealing,
 With a pensive smile to prove
 All thy blushing cheek's revealing—
 May I read there mutual love ?

REST YE SLUMBERING.

Rest ye slumbering world of waters—
 Wrapt in dreams of ages, rest !
 The pale Star of ev'ning glitters
 O'er thy smiling breast !
 But, hark—afar !—'tis Music's voice,
 That spells the whispering breeze !
 " Ah ! whence those soft complaining airs—
 " Their magic pow'r to please !"

Alternate notes of joy and sadness
 Wildly o'er thy bosom creep ;
 Now they bid me smile in gladness,—
 Now in sorrow weep !
 Methinks they tell of Ann's lov'd smile,
 Then hint her cruel frown ;
 But this heart--this heart is warm the while,—
 It throbs for her alone !

Ere to morrow's twilight closes,
 Oh ! pronounce thy lover's doom !
 Crown his hopes with living roses,
 Or, give them with'ring to the tomb !
 Other lips may fondly press thee,—
 Brighter, gayer smiles be thine ;
 But, oh ! but will any bless thee
 With a purer love than mine !

DAUGHTER OF SONG.

W.

Daughter of Song, why so silent and sad ?
Brighter days may yet dawn and thy soul be yet glad !

R.

Ah ! the fond hopes of childhood are wither'd and
gone,
And the pale night of age comes hastening on !

W.

Say, where is the bloom of thy happier years ?
Those once-blushing cheeks are all mantled in tears !
Pale, pale is the hue of thy lips—in thine eyes
No longer the light of thy youthfulness lies !

R.

Thus, the rose of the morning may bloom for a while,
When the sweet dews of summer enlighten its smile ;
But the chill blasts of winter come hurrying along,
And it droops to the tomb like the Daughter of
Song !

W.

Yet let the bright thought of futurity cheer—
Again thou shalt youthful and lovely appear—
Thy Spirit thro' regions of glory shall rove,
And recline on the smiles of thy Jesus' love !

TO FERDINAND.

If tears may be shed from the Warrior brow,
 Unconscious Ferdinand give them now ;
 For grateful and warm would the tribute prove
 To the mouldering ashes of Beauty and Love !

The lisp of thy name with departing breath
 Trembled on her pale lips 'till clos'd in
 death ;
 Whilst the wonted smile of affection play'd,
 Round the last pale look of the once lov'd maid !

Oh ! then, if tears from the Warrior brow,
 May be given in pity, prepare them now ;—
 For grateful and warm will the tribute prove
 To the sacred relics of Beauty and Love !

A PRIZE.

A prize ! a prize !
 It lives on the warmth of blissful sighs !
 I've found the heart of a Lady fair
 Bright as the morn and light as air,
 And what is dearer than all—by Jove,
 'Tis full—'tis full of love !

A prize ! a prize !
 That never, never, never dies !
 Beauty, nor Pow'r, nor Wealth, nor Art,
 Could ever purchase the Lady's heart !

Cupid purloin'd the gem, to prove
The warmth of a Minstrel's love

A prize !

All safely moor'd in my bosom it lies—
And proudly will I retain the prize
'Till it resumes its home in the skies !
Oh ! then shall its smile a Beacon prove,
To light me to endless love !



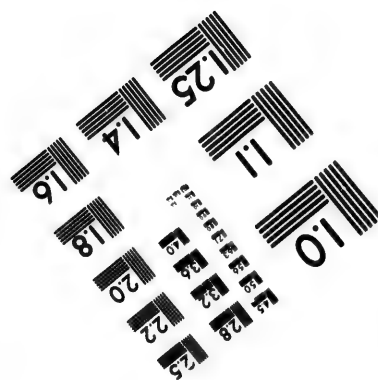
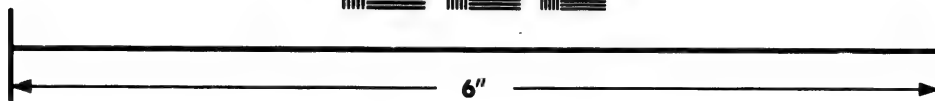
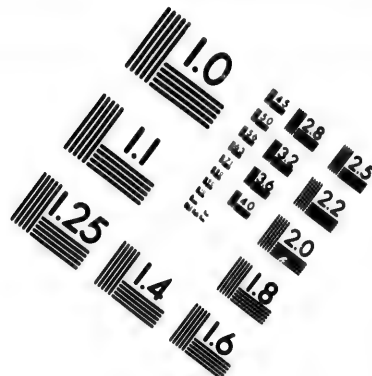
HOME.

More splendid endearments for others may bloom,
Give me the wild garlands that blossom at home,
Where the war-trump reposes and nations intrude
But in far distant dreams on the peace-smiling wood,
There Nature retires to muse o'er her charms
And Spring strews her smiles o'er the Cottager's
farms !

When Summer looks calm thro' the count'nance
of Time,
Or when tempests and storms breathe a language
sublime,
There is music—*sweet music* in every stream,
As it bubbles along in its wilderness dream !
There is beauty—*bright beauty* in every flow'r,
As it kisses the sunbeam or sighs in lone bow'r !

And, oh ! there is sure an Elysian of souls,
As the tide of past years o'er our memory rolls !





Photographic Sciences Corporation

**23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503**

18
20
22
25

10
01

Let us muse by the graves of our fathers and know
We shall rest by their side when our journies are
thro'—

Peace—peace to their shades ! for the minstrel re-
veres

Each relic of old that is hallow'd with tears !

Not long—and the light of his youth too shall
fade—

The silent behest of the tomb be obey'd—
Some kindred observer his rudely-carv'd stone
Shall peruse, with *a sigh for the Muse that is gone—*
Whilst morn smiles as sweetly and sunset looks mild
On the shrouded repose of a *wilderness child !*

Oh ! bring me my Harp when the pale Spirit's
breath

Fans my feverish brow with the coldness of death—
Whilst the last throb of feeling fades slow from my
heart,

Let me grasp it once more, ere my spirit depart—
And, oh ! the last touch shall awake ('mid the gloom
That hangs o'er my pale lip)—a smile for "sweet
home !"

THE MINSTREL.

The Minstrel sat on the lone sea-shore,—
His Lyre was strung to aerial numbers,—
And pleasingly wild were the notes they bore,
As they sigh'd o'er its strings in broken slumbers.

Like pensive moonbeams pale repose
On the silvery bosom of the Ocean ;
Or like those dreams when our eyelids close
On the spirit of pray'r with calm devotion.

For light was the whisper of wind and wave,
And Cynthia smil'd with unusual splendor,
And sweet were the looks that Hesper gave
As he march'd in front of the stars to attend her !

Then, rest thee Minstrel—the lone sea-shore—
The Hosts of the sky and the wind's low whispers,
Shall teach thee on pinions of faith to soar
To Heav'ns high Throne with thy ev'ning vespers !

COME TO ME LOVE.

Come to me, Love, with thy purple wings,
All gaily at eve on the light breeze dancing ;
Whilst Mem'ry her light of affection flings
O'er my boyish dreams, with a spell entrancing !

Come deck'd with thy warmest smiles and sighs,
That 'round the bosom of mortal can hover ;
The sighs of that heart and the smiles of those eyes,
That never before have acknowledg'd a lover !

Oh ! then should my Mountain Harp be swept
By a fairy hand to immortal measures ;
'Twould linger at night where the moonbeams creep,
In whispering notes of its Master's pleasures !

Then come to me, Love, with thy purple wings,
 All gaily at eve on the light breeze dancing ;
 Whilst mem'ry her light of affection flings
 O'er my boyish dreams with a spell entrancing !



THE THUNDER STORM.

Whence the terrific grandeur that shoots thro' the
 sky,
 Like the light'nings which flash from a Deity's eye—
 Whence the noise that makes rocks, hills and moun-
 tains to nod,
 As it makes thro' the clouds like the tramp of
 a GOD ?

Tis' the *wars of the elements*—mad for the fight,
 The whirlwinds rush wild thro' the darkness of
 night—

The sea-spirit rears his proud crest to the sky
 And dashes the foam like a deluge on high !
 The deep womb of Earth the loud echo returns,
 And the prostrated Oak with the thunderbolt burns !
 Hark ! the *wars of the elements* !—madd'ning they
 rave

By earth, fire, tempest and Ocean's wild wave !—

Come, Infidel !—hither, pale shuddering form !
 And kneel to thy Sov'reign—he rides in the storm !

Acknowledge Omnipotence—prostrate beneath
His feet, as Earth's pillars he shakes with his breath !
Whilst in light'nings he writes on the sky-page of
Time—

See *the finger of God* in a symbol sublime !
Nay, turn not away with that soul-fainting glance,
But assert *if thou cans't* the wild Doctrine of Chance !

I, a Christian, (the humblest that boast the high
name)
View his awful display, and *repose* in the same—
For, no powers of darkness—no storms can remove
One *penitent* soul from his mercy and love !

Then roll on ye winds—wrap yourselves in the
clouds,
'Till the skies be o'erspread with their blackening
crowds—
If our souls faint at this, how will *worlds* trembling
nod
When to *Judgment* descends the *full pomp* of—A
GOD !!!

WRITTEN ON THE MOUNTAINS OF LANSDALE.

I sing amid the woodlands wild,
All clad in wintry gloom ;
Where never Minstrel sang before,
Or Fancy found a home !

Still there are charms to wake the soul,
In depths of solitude;
The murmuring stream—the wind's control
Along the leafless wood :—

The screaming Owl—the echo deep,
That wafts across the vale;
The distant voice of merriment,
That floats along the gale :—

The mountain, 'gainst whose craggy front,
The howling tempests beat ;—
The cavern, where the prowling beast
Takes up his lone retreat !

Oh ! in the depths of wilderness,
Along the pathless way ;
Still let me strike my Mountain Lyre,
And languish life away !

TO MISS ———

Tell me thou Nymph of the soft blue eye,
Tho' a smile or a tear be the only token,
Hast thou thrown the chain of thy coldness by—
To heal the heart thou hadst almost broken ?

Has the Spirit of Love thrown her fairy spell—
Arousing thy soul to a warmth of feeling ?

Oh ! say, is it this thy lips would tell—
As notes from the Harps of Heaven thou'rt
stealing ?

If so, sing on—for each whisper of love
Conveys a balm to the Minstr:l's sorrow—
The tears he has wept to-day shall but prove,
A prelude to smiles he will give thee to-morrow !

SOUND THE KNELL OF POLAND.

Sound the knell of Poland—
Mid tempests dark and drear,
Her Star of Freedom hath gone down,
Her night of exile near:—

And wherefore has she fallen ?
Were not her Warriors brave ?
Whilst there were left a chosen few,
Did not her Banners wave ?

Sound the knell of Poland !—
By cruel destiny,
Her Spirit weeps its Country's fall,
O'er chains of slavery—

Her Battle-sword is broken,
Her Hosts no longer are ;
Their warmest hearts lie weltering
In bloody bloom of war !

Sound the knell of Poland !
She struggled to be free—
And travers'd e'en the realms of death
In quest of Liberty !

Where, Albion, slept thy thunders—
And, Gallia, where thine arm ?
That look'd with cold indifference
On Russia's mighty storm !

Oh ! was there not a bosom,
That burn'd with Patriot flame ?
Was there not left to diadema,
One sentiment of shame ?

Sleep on—sleep on, ye careless !
'Tis now too late to rise !
Poland has fall'n to rise no more—
A noble sacrifice !



TO THE OCEAN.

Whilst the Spirit's commotion
Rides chainless and free ;
Waves of the Ocean,
This song is to thee !

Where are the mighty,
The noble and brave ?
Thy foam-crested billows
Dash over their grave !

Wrecks of antiquity,
Treasures of Kings,

Lie deep in thy caverns,
Contemptible things !

Roll on thou proud Monarch,
Thy race is with Time—
Thy dreams are of ages—
Thy song is sublime !

Dark be thy visions,
While onward ye rave ;
And mighty collisions
Shake tempest and wave !

Roll on, 'till the voice
Of the winds is no more,
And Worlds quaking tell
That their journeys are o'er !

Roll on, 'till thy God
Shall come down from the skies,
And burn up thy waters
With th' flame of his eyes !

AIR.

When the sinking Sun the while,
Pale looks back with dying ray ;
Oh ! recall the last sad smile,
Of him, the Wanderer far away !

When the Moon all lone and drear,
Pensive walks her pathless way ;
Think his shade is lingering near,
Who sleeps in countries far away !

Harp of Brunswick, ere we part,
In the impulse warm of a glowing heart
I entreat thee the dying notes prolong
'Till thou hast sounded a *farewell song* !

Silent and lone the Minstrel stands—
His song hath gone forth to other lands—
Dreamy and sad are the tones it brings—
Lost in the Spirit's wanderings !

Harp of the North, awhile farewell,
With the infant notes we lov'd so well—
We will meet again—for nobler song
Anon will be heard these wilds among !

THE END.

INDEX.

A		E.	
Answer to enquiries by	22	Eternity	38
Myra,	30	Evening Address,	165
Air,	30	F.	
Address to the Sussex Vale	57	Fragment, (Genius of Scot-	7
Temperance, &c.	66	land, &c.	20
Air,	73	Fragment,	51
Air,	78	Fragment (Egypt.)	66
Air,	86	Fragment (Star of Bethle-	71
Amelia slumbers here,	106	hem.)	74
A Simile,	108	Fragment (Speak not, &c)	80
A Comparison,	110	Fragment,	134
Ask not, &c.	114	Fragment,	147
Adieu,	115	Fragment,	165
Address to the Apostate	117	France,	172
Chief,	122	Fragment.	175
Aspect of the Times,	127	G.	
A visit to the Grecian	142	Go where you will, &c.	150
Muses,	150	Give me an hour, &c.	30
Air,	154	H.	
Adieu, my love, &c.	157	How hard the Fate, &c.	87
Air,	168	How calm, &c.	101
Air,	173	How sinks the heart, &c.	155
Air,	179	Mark the tread of the Bat-	183
A Prize,	182	tle Host, &c.	
Air,	191	Home,	
B.		I.	
Battle of Thymbria,	8	Inscribed to Myra,	62
Battle of Joshua, &c.	32	Impromptu,	167
C.		L.	
Cease my Lyre, &c.	112	Love and Beauty,	68
Come to me, Love, &c.	185	Lines,	87
D.		Lines on the death of Lieut.	126
Daughter of Song, &c.	181	Cleave,	163
		Lines,	173
		Love and Truth,	

INDEX.

M.		To a Lilac, &c.	35
Memory,	60	To a Coquette,	36
Matrimonial Politesse,	121	The Bard's Triumph, &c.	37
Malvina,	151	To Love,	59
N.		To an Infant, &c.	61
Night Address,	31	To Myra,	72
Night Address,	114	The Minstrel's excuse,	82
National Anthem,	120	To Eliza,	83
— Song,	160	To a young Lady,	90
O.		To his shadow,	91
Ode to Sussex,	12	The Light fades, &c.	92
On the Winds,	65	The Minstrel Boy,	93
Oh give me a Scotchman,	70	To Darkness,	103
Orlando,	160	To a young Lady,	105
Ode to Woman,	149	The Indian Chief,	108
On arrival of a brother,	158	To the Lady of Lansdale,	113
P.		The sun had look'd back,	116
Parody,	63	The Vale,	136
Potowski,	111	The Complaint,	137
Poland,	144	The bereft one,	138
Prayer,	164	Then sigh no more,	143
R.		The Victim,	145
Rest ye slumbering,	180	The fallen warrior,	149
S.		The Harp of Walter Scott,	156
She sings of love,	35	They press'd around,	159
Sonnet,	76	Tecumseh's Address,	161
Song,	79	Tell me what &c.	162
—	98	To Eliza,	167
Spring,	166	The Waterloo Hero,	168
Smiles of Love,	107	The Bard's farewell,	170
Song,	112	The smiling night star,	174
Song of Polish Warriors,	146	The Mountain Song,	178
Song,	171	To Ferdinand,	182
—	176	The Minstrel,	184
Sound the knell of Poland,	190	The Thunder Storm,	186
T.		To Miss —	188
To the Forest Wreath,	5	To the Ocean,	190
The Harp of Brunswick,	6	The End,	192
To Eliza,	17	W.	
The Child of Genius' Grave,	19	We launch upon, &c.	16
The Minstrel to his horse,	19	What is thought ?	77
The Cholera,	22	What is't to dream ?	84
To Amelia,	24	What is't to speak ?	85
To —,	25	What is death, &c.	103
The Cottage Maid,	27	Written in the Groves of Lansdale,	119
The Minstrel's Boon,	28	When o'er the Western hills, &c.	154
Take, oh take, &c.	29	Written on the mountains	187
The Bubble,	31		

35
36
ge. 37
59
61
72
82
83
90
91
93
93
103
105
108
ale, 113
ck, 116
136
137
138
143
145
149
cott 156
159
161
162
167
168
170
174
178
182
184
186
188
190
192
16
77
84
85
103
oves of
119
eastern
154
ntains 187